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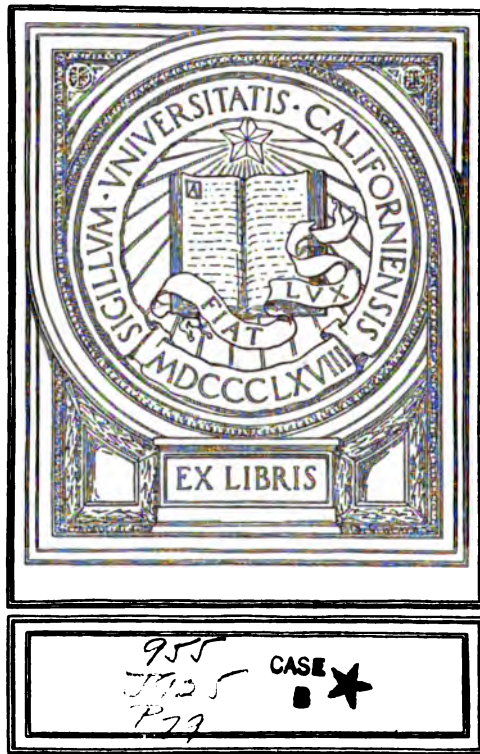
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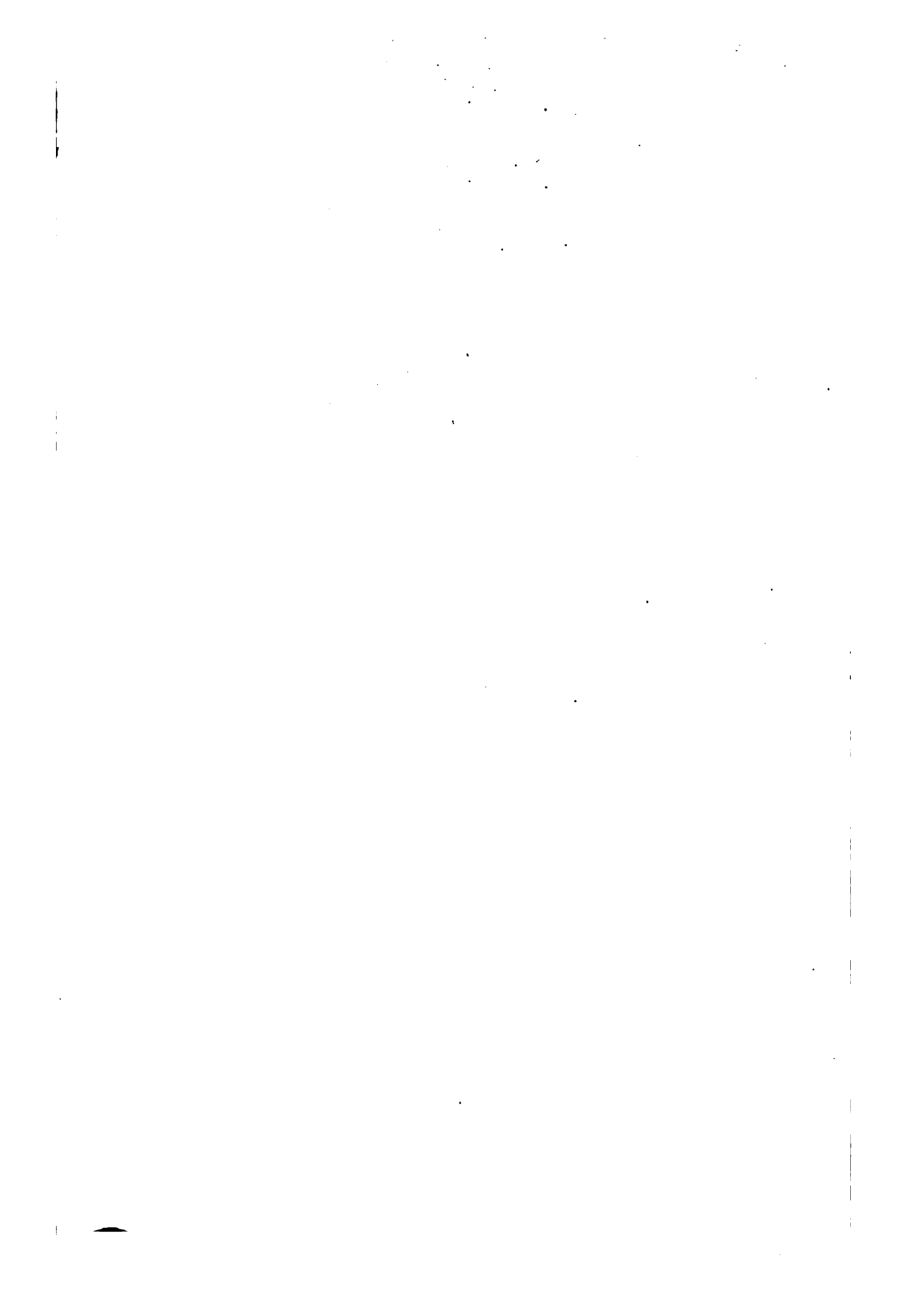
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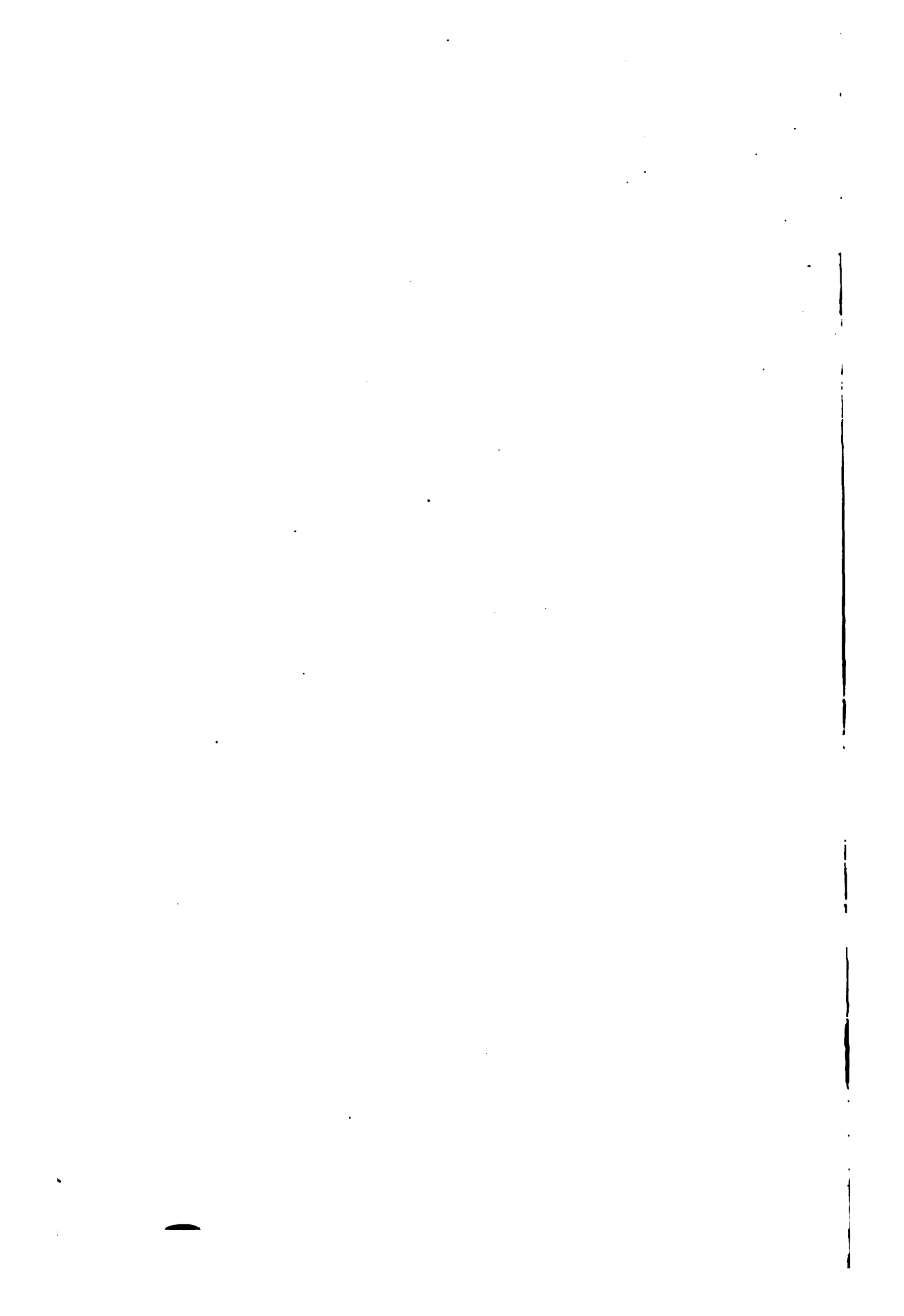
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COL. EDWARD Z. C. JUDSON
("NED BUNTLINE")

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF "NED BUNTLINE"

WITH

**Ned Buntline's Anecdote of "Frank Forester"
And Chapter of Angling Sketches**

By FRED E. POND
"Will Wildwood"

**Editor of "Frank Forester's Fugitive Sporting Sketches,"
"Sporting Scenes and Characters," etc.**

UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

**NEW YORK
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1919**

NOTES
ON THE
LIFE OF
J. M. W. TURNER

**OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
NED BUNTLINE
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES
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INTRODUCTION

The life history of Col. Edward Zane Carroll Judson ("Ned Buntline") is more thrilling than romance, as his career, from boyhood to middle age, was a succession of adventures by land and sea; as a sportsman and angler in the then primitive wilderness and lake region of the Adirondacks, as a midshipman in the navy, a soldier in the Seminole war, the Mexican war, the four years of warfare between the North and South, and finally in the Indian wars of the wild west.

Colonel Judson's record should have lasting fame—first, for his unfaltering Americanism and his influence for loyalty in the times that literally tried men's souls; then, on account of his really remarkable literary achievements in the line of realistic romance, bringing into world-wide fame the last if not the most notable of American scouts and frontiersmen—"Buffalo Bill," "Wild Bill," "Texas Jack," and other fearless scouts of the plains, whose deeds of daring were no less thrilling than those of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson in an earlier era; and last, but of equal interest to all lovers of out-door

sports, his graphic, delightful sketches relating to shooting and fishing, with his personal reminiscences of some of the pioneers of American sporting literature.

Considered in the light of realistic fiction, Ned Buntline's sea tales and border romances will compare favorably with the best of J. Fenimore Cooper's celebrated novels—in fact it is safe to state that in the remarkable series descriptive of the adventures of the scouts of the plains the popular stories written by Ned Buntline had far greater degree of accuracy as to depicting real scenes and incidents than any of Cooper's tales. Priority, rather than preciseness of work; studious care in preparation, in place of a hastily written and voluminous amount of fiction, to meet the demand of press and public—these conditions combine to give the earlier novelist more enduring fame.

The series entitled "Life and Adventures of Ned Buntline" first appeared in *Wildwood's Magazine*, and the limited edition now published in book form—with some additional reminiscences and an entertaining "Anecdote of Frank Forester, by Ned Buntline"—may serve to interest the enthusiastic collectors of personal memoirs of noteworthy men; writers who have not only put forth a liberal amount of stirring fiction, but have led adventurous lives similar to those represented in their novels. If considered from this viewpoint alone, Colonel Judson would stand at the head of American novelists, as

no other has shown such a wonderful career of real, often reckless daring as he whose name was known to comparatively few while his *nom de plume* ("Ned Buntline") at the height of his success, was known to millions; but fame is fleeting, and the man of phenomenal energy, of dauntless courage, of once national reputation, now rests—almost unknown to the younger generation—in the shadow of his loved home "The Eagle's Nest," in the Highlands of the Hudson.



ANECDOTE OF FRANK FORESTER

By NED BUNTLINE
(Col. Edward Z. C. Judson)



Y EARLY association with Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester") is indelibly impressed upon the tablets of memory. I remember the sporting author as a dignified, scholarly gentleman, warm-hearted, a brilliant conversationalist, full of anecdote and sporting reminiscences. Snobs were his aversion. Generous to a fault, he would give, not share, his last dollar, when any worthy person was in need and came under his notice. His cosy country seat, "The Cedars," on the Passaic River, near Newark, N. J., was the retreat for not only many wealthy and distinguished friends, but also for more than one unfortunate or unlucky man of letters, whose literary efforts had been poorly rewarded. Though English, and aristocratically so by birth, he was much attached to America as the home of his adoption. All his works show this. Yet he was very



HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT
("FRANK FORESTER")

sensitive, and any apparent slight or lack of courtesy on the part of others was not lightly or easily forgiven. His over-sensitive nature often involved him in heated controversies, and even quarrels, in regard to his native land, England. The writer found this out in a strange way. At a dinner party given by William T. Porter, of the *Spirit of the Times*, at the Carlton House, New York, where Herbert boarded, there were present, if I remember correctly, Pap Richards, of the *Spirit*; Charles Elliott, the great portrait painter; Lewis Gaylord Clarke, editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*; Dempster, the composer and balladist; "Frank Forester," and the writer hereof.

The dinner, strictly game, was profuse and elegant, and after the cloth was removed songs and stories were called for. Dempster sang, Clarke told some of his inimitable anecdotes and then called on the writer for a French story he had once heard him tell. Not for an instant thinking of giving Herbert offense, the story was told. It was of a Frenchman who had been captured by the British frigate *Guerriere*, telling of the capture of the latter by the American frigate *Constitution*, in the war of 1812. It ran thus:

"Shentilmens! W'en ze Yankee Doodle natione was 'ave ze war wiz ze John Bull natione, I was in Havre wiz my leetle breeg, La Belle Julie. And I sink I will make one grand speculatione. I load my breeg wiz a beautiful cargo of ze wine, ze brandy

and ze sausage de Bologna; and I make sail for Amerique to sell zem. Four, five days I sail along finely, zen along come one John Bull freegat, and she go *boom* wiz her big gun and I stop my leetle breeg. Zen a John Bull officiare he come on board my breeg and he say:

"Sare! I 'ave ze onare to take possessione in ze name of his Brittanic Majesty.

"I reply: 'Sare! I very much oblige to heez Brittanic Majesty.' Mon Dieu! I was *not* oblige at *all*.

"Zen he remove plenty of ze brandy and wine to ze John Bull freegat, and he remove me and my men and make fire to my breeg, and send her to Davy Jones' lockare. Mon Dieu—I was more mad az I can speak. I look at my poor breeg, and I swear and tear my hair and weep like as one fountain!

"Zen ze John Bull capitan he come to me and say: 'Nevare mind—zis is but ze fortune of *war*!'

"'Aha!' I reply to heem—'it is one——bad fortune!'

"Then he say: 'Cheer up! Come in ze cabin and take some brandy wiz me.' "

"I sank him, I sink I will. Zen I go in ze cabin and he pour for me and for heem each a glass of brandy. Zen I say to him:

"'Sare—your varee goo't' hel't!' (good health) and he say to me ze same.

"I *taste* of zat brandy. Sacre! I throw it on ze floor. I spit it from my mouth. Zat John Bull

capitan have ask me zare to drink *my own brandy*.

"At zat moment a John Bull sailare cry out—
'Sail ho.'

"Capitan Dacre—zat was his name—he go out
and wiz his glass see one Yankee Doodle freegat
come zat way. He cry out:

"'Clear ze sheep for *actione!* Give ze men
some of zat Frenchmen's brandy, for to make zem
brave. In ten minutes from ze first gun I shall
wheep zat Yankee Doodle.'

"I no say nothing, but I pray ze Bon Dieu ze boot
go on ze ozzare leg.

"By and by ze freegat came close, and boom!
boom! go ze guns. I 'ave some business away down
to ze bottom of ze freegat right away. I 'ave no
business where come ze shot like hail—no sare!
After a leetle while I hear no more ze boom of ze
big guns, and zen I go on ze deck. Oh! Mon Dieu!
what a beautiful sight. Ze deck it was covare wiz
dead John Bull mens. Ze masts zey were all gone!
Ze John Bull flag was pull down, and a Yankee
Doodle officaire come in one boat and say:

"'I have ze honare to receive possessione of your
sword, Capitan Dacre.'

"He look very mad, and I say:

"'Nevare mind, Capitan Dacre—zis is ze for-
tune of war.'

"'One curseed bad fortune,' he reply."

"I say to heem: 'Capitan, drink a leetle of *my*
brandy. It will cheer you up.'

"He say to me: 'Go—to—ze—d—l.'"

"I say: 'No sare! I will go to ze Yankee Doodle freegat wiz you, for your old freegat is full of holes, and soon she will go down to Davy Jones' lockaré to look for my leetle breeg.'"

This was all the story, and it brought laughter from every one but Herbert. He was silent, and looked very grim. The party broke up soon after, and I was astonished the next morning by a note from Herbert to this effect:

"If I thought Englishmen needed *brandy* to make them brave, I could be convinced to the contrary by naming a friend to arrange preliminaries, etc."

I was never more surprised in my life, and I went right over to the "*Spirit of the Times*" office to see Porter. While he and I were laughing over the matter, Herbert himself dropped in. I walked up to him with the note in my hand and told him sincerely that I had no thought of reflecting on English courage, and that the story was only an old one dressed over to show the amusing side of the broken French idiom.

Herbert was all right in a second, and four of us adjourned next door to *smile* over what could have been made a serious affair had either party been foolishly punctilious.

CHAPTER ONE

BOYHOOD, EARLY ADVENTURES, AND FIRST STORY



N a picturesque vale among the mountains of the Catskill range, near the head waters of the Delaware river, lies the quiet village of Stamford, noted for its healthful location, and the lovely scenery of the surrounding country, but more widely celebrated as the birth-place and home of "Ned Buntline."

Mr. L. Carroll Judson, a sturdy, intellectual representative of an old and honored family—tracing descent from "the Puritan forefathers"—came to Stamford in an early day and made his home in the highlands. Like the rigid stock of old Plymouth, he was a stern and unyielding man, cold and methodical, with intense energy, a will of iron. His household was regulated by rules which were deemed as immutable as the laws of the ancient Medes and Persians, and this strict discipline was held to be highly commendable by the ultra-moralists of that day. At times he would exhibit the

warmer impulses of his nature by generous deeds and kind words, genial as the glimpses of sunshine that break through threatening clouds. A lawyer by profession, he was a man of literary taste, and gave evidence of considerable talent in this direction by the publication of several books—chiefly historical and practical works. One of these, entitled "The Sages and Heroes of the American Revolution," has been widely read and is still frequently quoted. The taste for literature and scholarship may be mentioned as a family characteristic, reaching in individual instances a high degree of merit—as evinced in the career of Adoniram Judson, the famous missionary. Mr. L. Carroll Judson's work in the line of authorship was undertaken as a diversion or relaxation from his legal pursuits—in which he attained a high reputation.

Amid such surroundings and influences Edward Zane Carroll Judson—the "Ned Buntline" of later years—was born March 20, 1823. A terrible storm prevailed on the night of his birth. Dr. Howard, who was present on the occasion, relates that it was a wild, dark and fearful night, the flood-gates of Heaven appeared wide open, the wind swept over the mountains and along the valley with the fury of a tempest, while the vivid flashes of lightning and reverberations of thunder made the spectators tremble. This circumstance was impressed upon the mind of young Judson, who often heard the incident mentioned, and it caused a foreboding that his journey

of life would be equally turbulent and tempestuous; a prediction that was fully verified. At a later period he gave a vivid description, in verse, of the memorable night and his stormy career. The little poem is entitled "March-Born," and the first stanza runs as follows:

Born when tempests wild were raging
O'er the earth, athwart the sky,
When mad spirits seemed as waging
Battle fierce for mast'ry;
Born when thunder loudly booming
Shook the roof above my head—
When red lightning lit the gloaming
Which o'er land and sea was spread.

In 1826 his father removed to Wayne county, Pa., then almost a wilderness, and young Judson learned his first lessons from the glowing leaves of the grand old book of Nature. He was a born hunter and angler. The trout streams of that section were abundant, and Ned loved nothing better than to drop an occasional line to his finny friends in the depths, while the fish responded to his kind attentions by coming out of the wet. Ned's propensity for playing truant sometimes led to a rather severe chastisement, as his father believed firmly in the old creed: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The son was a convert to the same belief, but preferred to use the rod himself in whipping the streams for trout.

The lad inherited the same spirit of determination that was displayed by his sire, and to this was

added Spartan courage and endurance. He did not rebel against paternal authority, but continued by hook or crook to go a-fishing. His skill with the rod and gun finally won his father's admiration. Before he was six years of age he learned to shoot well with a heavy rifle which he could not hold at arm's length, and therefore fired it at rest over a log or fence rail. When eight years of age his display of marksmanship so pleased the elder Judson that he purchased a seven-pound rifle for Ned, who went out at dawn the next morning and killed a fine doe in a field near the house. "From that time to the present day," said Ned Buntline in writing to a friend, in 1878, "I have been a hunter." These hunting exploits and fishing jaunts awakened in the lad all the latent love of adventure that was to form the more thrilling and romantic portion of his life's record.

The wild, roving life of a young woodsman had become so thoroughly congenial to young Judson that he had mentally decided to follow the illustrious example of Daniel Boone, when all his anticipations were dashed to the ground by removal of the family to Philadelphia. Here his father found a wider field for the practice of law, and as Ned progressed rapidly in his studies the proud sire resolved that the boy should be put through a course to prepare him for the legal profession. The dry tomes of Blackstone and Coke proved utterly distasteful to Ned, and he finally refused to continue the obnox-

ious studies. His father, indignant at this defiance of paternal authority, gave the lad a severe flogging, and told him the studies must be at once resumed. Ned had firmly resolved never to become a lawyer, and the severe punishment caused him to run away to sea for the purpose of becoming "a sailor on the high seas." He had for some time secretly cherished an ambition to visit distant lands, and he now embraced the opportunity to ship as cabin boy on a vessel about to sail around Cape Horn. At this time he was but eleven years of age, though remarkably strong, active and self-reliant. The voyage was rough and much of the romance of sea-life was found to be "the baseless fabric of a dream;" yet the scenes and adventures of a life on the ocean wave proved irresistible to one of his stirring temperament. Upon returning to Philadelphia he was met by his father, who coldly said:

* "So, sir! you have returned? I suppose you are sick of the sea, and are willing to ask my forgiveness; and if I permit you to come home, to do as *I wish*, not as *you will*,—eh?"

"No, sir," answered Ned, calmly but proudly; "no, sir; I ask no home from you. I have found a dearer home on the breast of the glorious ocean; cordial friends and honest men share with me my oaken dwelling; and, sir, here none dare *strike* me; no one *would* strike me; they all love me too dearly."

* The incident, as here given, appears in "Ned Buntline's Life Yarn," a serial story.—F. E. P.

"Is this your choice, degenerate boy! A life of hardship and peril, shared with such associates; is this the life which you choose in preference to one of luxury and ease, where you would have nothing to do but to study?"

"Father, a life of honor with these rough men, a life of peril and hardship, in preference to a life of luxury, where in a fit of hasty anger I may be struck to the earth like a refractory slave; *any life*, sir, but that!"

"Boy, do you know my power and my rightful authority? Do you know that I could drag you home tied like a felon and *lock* you there?"

"Sir, *do* so! bind and bar me; but remember, no locks, bonds or bars can bind my spirit. It is free; free as the glad albatross that shines far and wide over the ocean, and sleeps when it will on the bosom of the wave that feeds it. Exercise your 'rightful authority,' sir, if you choose; but bind me strong and bar me well. I love the ocean! The sea is my home; and beware, sir, lest I seek it again, in spite of bolts and bars. Love like mine defies both."

"Boy, it is well! You have chosen! Never enter my house again. From this moment I disinherit you forever! Not one farthing of mine shall ever cross your palm! Now, sir, *enjoy* your 'prospects;' enjoy your 'association!'"

"It is well, my father—father no longer. I have anticipated your kind disinheritance. Since you disgraced me with *a blow*, I have not borne your name.

My energies, my hopes, my ambition, and all of the *man* which God has given me, will carry me alone through the world. '*Resurgam*' is my motto—independence my character! Farewell, sir; you might have made me all you could have wished—now I will *make myself!*"

The father turned sternly away and strode up the wharf. The son turned tearfully around toward the captain, who met him with open arms.

"Ned, cheer up, my boy!" said he; "*I'll* be your father *now*. Cheer up! We sail to-morrow, with a load of flour for Rio de Janeiro. If you want anything, run down to my locker and get some money, and go ashore and buy it; there's the key. Come, boy, don't be down-hearted. Grief is like an anchor in the hold, where it can't be got at; it only weighs down the ship, without being of any use!"

Ned brightened up; he felt that he was friendless, but he did so long to see his sister and mother.

. . . But a truce to sadness, and ho! for the merry sea.

The next year he enlisted as an apprentice on board a man-of-war, says an intimate friend and fellow-midshipman, who thus describes young Judson's courage and coolness in the face of danger: "He was large for his age, strong as a horse, and precocious. One day a boat of which he was coxswain was run over by a Fulton ferry-boat on the East river, and upset in floating ice. She drifted down

toward Governor's Island, in New York bay, and Judson managed to get ashore with the whole crew. Then he fainted under his injuries and was taken back to the Macedonian unconscious. The crew were so loud in their praises for rescuing a couple of them, that the officers united in a request to have him made a midshipman, and President Van Buren sent on the commission within a fortnight.

"Then we young middies whose appointments was due to 'influence' refused to mess with him, because he had been a common sailor before the mast. On the way to the Gulf squadron, on the ship of war *Levant*, where our refusal was made known to him, young Judson challenged thirteen of us in a day. Some withdrew their refusals and associated with him, but seven of the midshipmen fought him, one after the other, in Florida, in New Orleans, and in Havana. He didn't get a scratch, I believe, but four of his adversaries were marked for life. To the satisfaction of everybody in the navy he established the presumption that he was as good as anybody. Perhaps one circumstance that reduced the number of midshipmen that he had to fight was a little exhibition on the way down. The captain, who made a kind of pet of the boy, hung a bottle out on the yard arm, and Judson, at the word of command, broke the bottle with one bullet and cut the string above it with another. That was the first intimation we had that he was even at that age, one of the best shots in the United States. He was at this time

only fifteen years of age, a fact that I can vouch for, being one of the seven who fought him on the way down to the gulf."

Two years later an incident occurred which, though trivial in itself, changed the whole of Edward Judson's after life—transforming him from a seaman to a novelist. A change had been made in the command of the ship, and the new captain, unlike his predecessor, was a severe disciplinarian, and disliked young Judson for his independent manner and the influence he had gained among his fellow midshipmen. The serio-comic incident referred to may be best told in Ned Buntline's own graphic words, as related to a friend who asked him concerning the origin of his literary career. The anecdote is as follows:

"THE CAPTAIN'S PIG"

At the time I wrote the first letter or word for the press I was a midshipman in our navy. I entered the navy when I was little more than a child. I had sailed round the world when I was eleven years old, was promoted to midshipman when I was thirteen. I never got promoted by act of Congress or Congressmen. My naval academy was hard experience in storms on deck and aloft, or as they call it, "before the mast." I was thrown in the company of a sort of naval aristocracy—sons of rich men who had won their shoulder-straps by paper

certificates. They oftentimes insulted me and refused to mess with me because I had worked my way up. I never was a man disposed to command respect through love and fawning. If one, two or three insulted me, I would knock them down. If they kept out of my way I would challenge them to fight in the first harbor we landed. Often the very fact of the challenge commanded their respect and they would take measures to apologize before we reached a port. I have, however, been forced to command the respect of seven of my equals by meeting them in mortal combat—four of whom I wounded; with the three others I exchanged shots, unharmed or unharmed, but in every case receiving their apology.

I have thus been particular in stating the manner in which I obtained the respect of my associates, because it was on their account that my future trouble arose which resulted in exchanging the pistol for the pen. While these officers became my warmest friends an event took place which proved that I had an enemy in the after part of the ship in the person of the captain. We were at the time cruising in the Gulf, and although only fifteen years of age I was commissary of that department of the man-of-war that included all the midshipmen. Our ship entered the port of Vera Cruz in Mexico, and while there the chief commissary, whose duty it was to provide for the officers of the ship above the rank of midshipmen, and my-

self went ashore to purchase supplies. Among other necessities that we purchased were six pigs of the same age, the offspring of the same mother. They were of the same size and as white as snow, except that one had a small black spot on one leg. We divided them, then and there, each taking three and each paying a half of the purchase price. They were put into separate boxes and put with our other purchases on board of the ship. I noticed in the division that the one with the small black spot came to my share. I was very proud of them, and gave charge that they be well taken care of. I often visited them and took satisfaction in pointing them out as beauties to some of my associate middies. On our return to Havana a terrible squall sprang on us in the night time. The deck was swept. When morning came it was discovered that one box with its three pigs had been swept overboard, that a slat of the other box had been broken off and two of the pigs had got out and had followed the other three. The only pig left from the deck wreck was the one with the black spot on the leg. I ordered the box to be repaired and the pig to be taken care of as before. To my surprise the chief commissary claimed the pig. I pointed out the black spot on the leg. He claimed never to have noticed it before. I pointed out the difference between the boxes, and that mine was on deck and his was not. He was as obstinate as he was dishonest, and nothing but that pig would satisfy him. I was just as

determined that he should not have it. Another squall seemed inevitable, for I would have fought for that pig, and was getting ready for the fray, when a proposition was made to leave our dispute to the captain, who was approaching, having heard something of our altercation. I acquiesced. With pretended sincerity he wished to hear the evidence.

On my part it was overwhelming. I proved by a number of middies that before the storm I was in possession of the pig with the black spot on the leg. That the box was the same in which my three had been kept. I also proved the same by the scullion who fed them. Against all this positive evidence the chief commissary could only interpose a claim that the pig was his, without the least proof to substantiate it. Nevertheless, the captain decided against me. If he decided in my favor, no part of that pig would go to the saloon tables, and he would get none of it. I claimed that the decision proceeded from his belly, not from his head or heart. I made a show of full surrender; still I determined to keep my eyes on the pig with the design of ultimately getting my hand upon it. Fearing another storm, or some surreptitious act on my part, or at least on my part of the ship, it was cunningly devised at a conspiracy in the saloon among the chief officers, including the captain, that the pig should be disposed of that day. Accordingly the butcher was ordered to kill and dress it. A banquet was to be held in the saloon that night. I also determined that a banquet should

be held in the forward cabin, and that if roast pig did not form the principal viand I should be the person to be held accountable. I made every preparation that the occasion should be a success. I had all necessary luxuries except wine, and this I begged, borrowed or bought from the chief steward, with the full intention of never paying for it, for I was determined that the luxuries of the banquet should be drawn from the captain's and chief commissary's larder and wine-room. I purposely passed and re-passed that galley while that pig was roasting. I knew the progress that it was making as well as the cook did. I had my guests at the table in good season, several of whom I had fought against, all of whom I was now fighting for. I had a number of the most expert middies to act as carvers. The time of our banquet was half an hour earlier than the one in the saloon. I again patrolled the deck. Passing the galley, I saw the cook try the pig, and leave the oven door open, with a half-suppressed expression of satisfaction that the roasting was ended. I had only to watch my opportunity for the cook to absent himself to assist in the preparation of the saloon table. I had not long to wait—then with a large fork I whipped the pig from the hot pan into a cold one and instantly placed it on a side table in the cabin. I gave the watchword, "Root hog, or die." A neater or cleaner, and to me a more satisfactory job never was accomplished. Half an hour was passed before the pig was missed,

another half in search for it in every place but the right one. A report was then made to the chief commissary and to the captain. To say that they were exasperated is putting it light. A search was made for bones, but they had joined their kindred in the gulf. The captain offered \$100 for evidence that would convict the person that took the pig. In due time we reached Havana. The captain had kept up a good deal of growling, and was especially surly when I was near him. It was my duty here also to go on shore and provide for my department. When I approached the gangway I was stopped by the guard. I demanded by whose authority I was stopped; he said by the captain's. I replied: "I get my authority from the commander, not the captain," and drawing my sword, I said: "If you raise your musket to my breast again I'll cut you down as I would a piece of old junk." I passed on, went on shore, did my marketing, and returned. In due time we reached Savannah. I had, during shore hours, written a full account of the adventure with the pig. I entitled it the "Captain's Pig," by "Ned Buntline." The story made a pretty good-sized pamphlet. It was printed privately, as publishers were afraid of libel suits. Neither the author nor the publisher was known. When the captain saw the pamphlet he was madder than when he didn't see the pig on his table. He again offered a reward of \$100 for the name of either the author or publisher. He found neither. The book is now out of print, and

I would myself give \$100 for a copy of it. This is the story of my first venture in writing, and this is why I am called "Ned Buntline."

The first literary production of young Judson brought him at once into popularity, as it was republished in many periodicals, and finally appeared in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, then conducted by Lewis Gaylord Clarke, who at the first opportunity engaged "Ned Buntline" as a regular contributor. Whether ashore or afloat, he thenceforth found time to prepare thrilling romances—principally tales of the sea, during the early portion of his literary career—and these novels were read by a host of warm admirers, who found the scenes as realistic as any ever portrayed by Captain Marryatt or Fenimore Cooper.

At the outbreak of the Seminole War, in Florida, the adventurous spirit of young Judson carried him enthusiastically into the strife. Although only sixteen years of age he served with valor and distinction under Jessup, Gaines, Armistead and Worth. He recorded, subsequently, the delight with which he engaged in the field sports of that section, on every possible occasion, and mentioned particularly the killing of a very large jaguar, or Southern panther, on Key Sargo—an achievement that was alike the envy and admiration of his associates.

CHAPTER TWO

IN THE SEMINOLE WAR AND IN GOTHAM



DURING the progress of the Seminole War young Judson found ample opportunities, to indulge his love of wild sport and adventure, both on land and sea. The "deep, tangled wildwoods" of Florida furnished a great variety of game, and Ned Buntline reveled in the glorious field-sports of that region, so vividly described in Whitehead's "Camp Fires of the Everglades." To one of young Judson's active, adventurous nature the land appeared to be a veritable "happy hunting ground," and his pen in after years recorded the incidents of many sporting tours among everglades and along shore. Under the title of "Ducking by Wholesale" he gave the following spirited description of a foray among the wildfowl:

In 1840 I was an Acting Lieutenant on board the U. S. Schooner *Otsego*, then belonging to what was known as McLaughlin's Mosquito Fleet, engaged in co-operating with the army in subduing the Semi-

noles in Florida. The flag schooner, Lieut. Comdg. McLaughlin, was the Flirt; the Wave, formerly Stevens' yacht, was commanded by Lieutenant—now Admiral—John Rogers, and the Otsego by passed midshipman, Actg. Lieut. Comdg. Edmund Templar Shubrick. Though only a young midddy, I was Executive Officer of the Otsego, wore the swab and got the pay of a Lieutenant.

And now for the ducks. Being of light draught, Baltimore flat-sharp build, the Otsego was ordered to skirt the coast closely from Cape Sable to the mouth of the Suwanee, to attack any Indian party seen on shore and to look out for some Spanish fishing boats that had been reported as furnishing powder and lead to the redskins.

It was midwinter when we anchored late one afternoon off the eastern side of the cape near an island not then named in our charts, but known ever after that night to us as Duck Key. The water and air were literally dark with ducks of all kinds and sizes. They were so thick that looking to port or starboard, far and near, flying in vast flocks or swimming about, you saw ducks, ducks everywhere. I owned a double-barreled Manton—as good a gun in those days as money could buy. I just ached to take a boat and go for those ducks, and I said so.

But Jim Eagan, our coast pilot, an old Floridian said: "Leftenant, the moon will be full to-night, and if you'll hearken to me, we'll have ducks enough in one hour to-night to last the whole crew longer than

they'll keep, and have a hundred or two to give away, over and above.

"As soon as it gets fairly night, thousands and thousands of these ducks will waddle up on that little low island there to lay over till morning. All we've got to do is to take our biggest boat, the one with a swivel in the bow, let every man of the crew have his musket well charged with duck shot; you with your gun and I with old Betsey Ann—she carries a quarter of a pound of shot if she takes an ounce—and sail in. We'll take cover on the island just at night-fall, load the swivel, too, for the boat-keeper to handle, and when the ducks come up as thick as flies on a carcass, we'll all shoot at the same time and I'll bet we pick up a boat load."

The plan seemed good, and it was adopted. Sixteen muskets, Eagan's cannon, as we called his Betsey Ann, and a swivel with three pounds of shot to half a pound of powder for a load, were added to my Manton, loaded for the occasion with near two ounces of shot to each barrel, and about four or four and a half drachms of powder.

Leaving the schooner at anchor about half-a-mile away we reached the island just as the moon showed her great round face above the horizon. Hiding in a clump of sea grapes, leaving only a boat-keeper to tend the boat and fire the swivel, we waited.

Not long—for inside of an hour the white sand of the island could not be seen, bright and clear, though the moon shone upon it. It was literally cov-

ered with ducks; and the water all around the island was literally and truly alive with them.

Guided by Eagan, every man now leveled his musket in a direction a little wide from that of the next man; the word was passed to the boat-keeper to stand by with his swivel, and the order was given:

"Ready, FIRE!"

Eagan and I were to shoot on the rise.

Every musket and the swivel exploded at the same moment. Oh, heaven what a fluttering—what a thunder-burst of flapping wings as we sent in our charges!

Then, in the bright moonlight, pushing off in our boat, we went to picking up game. On shore and in the water we found wild fowl enough to load that barge's gunwale down to the water with ducks. Mallard, teal, canvas back—every kind of migratory duck was there represented, and not by hundreds but apparently by thousands.

Never before or since have I seen such slaughter. It was "pot-hunting" with a vengeance. We had ducks every day—three times a day—for a week, and General Taylor, with the Third Artillery and his own regiment, the Sixth Infantry, being at Tampa Bay, we ran in there and left them nearly a cartload of birds.

It is not a very sportsmanlike scene to boast of, I know, but we wanted meat—or *fowl* rather—and we got it.

At the close of the war Lieutenant Judson resigned from the service, and went up the Yellowstone River in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company. He now had a chance such as he had long desired to test the wild sports of the West, and he improved the opportunity by a vigorous crusade against the large game of the Rocky Mountains. At that time the plains were covered with vast herds of bison, or buffalo, affording a seemingly inexhaustible supply, and large bands of elk were encountered daily in the foothills. The fleet and wary Rocky Mountain sheep, now nearly exterminated, peopled the crags and cliffs gazing down with intermingled fear and surprise at the unusual invaders of the wild region. The antelope could be seen dotting the prairie below in all directions and the hardy adventurers when penetrating the dense thickets occasionally found it necessary to hunt or be hunted by the grizzly bear. Ned Buntline here found his early dream of border life in the groove so nobly filled by Daniel Boone, well-nigh realized. Frequent exploring tours into the more remote sections, "where man had ne'er or rarely trod," gave variety and zest to the work.

After several months the restless nature of the young frontiersman led him to seek new scenes and perils, and he turned toward the great Southwest as a suitable field. About this time he wedded a lovely and intellectual young lady whom he met in the sunny South, and stimulated anew to the exercise of

his literary talent he established a bright journal entitled *Ned Buntline's Own*. The new publication attracted much attention, as the editor boldly criticised the tricks and traps of gamblers and lawless characters, whom he exposed without fear or favor, thereby incurring the deadly enmity of a dangerous class.

As an indication of the invincible courage and daring of Ned Buntline, the following incident, published in the columns of the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, may be appropriately given.

"*Apropos* of Ned Buntline: a new contributor writing from Natchez on the 25th of November, 1843, says: By the way, Ned passed through here this morning, on his way to Gallatin, thirty miles distant. Being on a visit to Eddyville, Ky., a few days since, he heard that three persons, charged with having committed an atrocious murder near Gallatin some time since, were in the woods in the neighborhood. Arming himself, Ned 'put out' in pursuit of them *alone*. He soon overtook them, when two of them surrendered, after a short resistance. These he tied to trees, and then went on in pursuit of the other, who had absconded in the meantime. But the fellow had too good a start; and Ned, after firing one or two shots after him, gave up the chase. He arrived here with his two captives last night in the steamer, and as I said before went on to Gallatin with them this morning. He has entitled himself to the reward of six hundred dollars offered for their apprehension. Just like Ned.

"The foregoing was crowded out of our last number; since the publication of which we have heard with deep regret of the death of the young and lovely wife of our correspondent. Such a loss will make him feel the impotency of consolation, yet we cannot withhold the expression of our sympathy with him in his great bereavement. The 'Life Yarn' will be resumed in a subsequent number."

At this time a stirring serial entitled "Ned Buntline's Life Yarn," combining the autobiography of our hero, with a thread of romance interwoven, was running through the pages of the magazine, as indicated by the editorial comment. At Nashville, Tenn., his southern home, he toiled steadily in his chosen profession, and his reputation as a writer of fiction soon became extensive. But the darkest hour of his life was close at hand. The busy tongue of malicious gossip was the cause of creating a deadly enemy in one who had been a close friend, and this led to the fatal affray so widely published at the time, and known as the Porterfield affair. The circumstances of the sad occurrence were briefly recorded as follows, in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, April, 1846:

"There is great reason to fear that before the sentences which are now running from our pen shall have been placed in type, we shall have heard of the death of our frequent and always entertaining contributor, 'Ned Buntline,' late Midshipman E. Z.

C. Judson, of the United States Navy. We gather from the public journals that a difficulty recently occurred at Nashville (Tenn.) between our correspondent and Mr. Robert Porterfield, which led to a hostile meeting, in which, after three shots, the latter was killed, having been pierced with his antagonist's bullet in his forehead, just above the eye. The events which succeeded are very revolting: Judson was arrested, but the excitement was so great against him, that when he was taken before the justice for examination, it became evident that he would be summarily dealt with. Some cried 'shoot him!' others 'hang him!' and a brother of the deceased shot at him several times; a number of shots were fired at him by others, and strange to say, he escaped all unhurt, ran off and hid himself in the City Hotel. Hundreds of excited persons collected around and in the hotel, and after searching some time he was found, and endeavoring to escape, he fell from the third story to the porch without serious injury.

"The sheriff then took charge of him and conveyed him to prison, the people now seeming willing that the law should take its course. 'After he had been committed to jail,' adds another and in some particulars different account, 'in an almost dying condition from his fall, at about ten o'clock at night the mob, finding he was still alive, broke into the jail; maimed and almost naked they threw him into the street to be hung. He asked for a minister, which was denied him; he feared not death, but requested

to be shot, and begged if there was any gentleman present he would shoot him. They took him to the square, and ran him up over the rail of an awning post; the rope broke and he fell; when he was taken back to the jail, where he lies to die some time during the night.' 'And this horrible, infamous outrage,' adds the *Courier and Enquirer* with significant emphasis, 'occurred in the streets and was performed by the people of Nashville.' We have been for many months in intimate correspondence with Mr. Judson, whom, however, we never met personally. We have been made the repository of all the circumstances of his checkered and eventful life, up almost to the time of the occurrence above narrated. Of these it will be our province to speak hereafter."

In the next issue of the magazine the rumor of Ned Buntline's death was declared unfounded, and the editor published an extract from his letter giving a few important details of the affray:

"We are glad to be able to state that our apprehensions in regard to the death of Mr. Judson (our 'Ned Buntline') had not at the last advices been realized. He writes us himself, under date of 'Nashville, April 10th,' although in a faltering hand, as follows: 'Your April number has just reached me, and I hasten to tell you that I am worth ten 'dead' men yet, and hope to be ready in two or three months, to 'go it' for 'the whole of Oregon.' I expect to leave here for the East in three or four days. I cannot yet rise from my bed; my left arm and leg

are helpless, and my whole left side is sadly bruised. Out of twenty-three shots, all within ten steps, I was slightly hit by *three* only. I fell forty-seven feet three inches (measured) on hard, rocky ground, and not a bone cracked. Thus GOD told them I was innocent. As GOD is my judge, *I never wronged Robert Porterfield*. My enemies poisoned his ears, and foully belied me. I tried to avoid harming him, and calmly talked with him while he fired three shots at me, each shot grazing my person. I did not fire till I saw he was determined to kill me, and then I fired but once. Gross injustice has been done me in the published descriptions of the affair. As soon as I can sit up I shall publish a full account of the entire affray. I shall not be tried; the grand jury have set, and no bill has been found against me. The mob was raised and composed of men who were my enemies on other accounts than the death of Porterfield. They were the persons whom I used to score in my little paper, '*Ned Buntline's Own*.' I saw but *one* respectable man among them. The rope did not *break*; it was *cut* by a friend. I believe I acted calmly and bravely through the whole scene; my enemies say so, at least. Mr. Porterfield was a brave, good, but rash and hasty man; and deeply, deeply, do I regret the *necessity* of his death. . . . I am faint and weak from this exertion in writing you, and must close.' We have given the foregoing to the public without request, and without the permission of the writer. It seems but just that one

who so conspicuous an actor in the sad events heretofore recorded, should have the opportunity of asserting his innocence. It could hardly be denied him by an enemy."

Soon after recovering from the effects of this terrible ordeal, Ned Buntline removed to New York, as affording a wider field for his literary labors, and he soon became a notable figure in the "Old Guard," a term affectionately applied to the corps of gifted contributors who rallied to the support of old *Spirit* in its palmiest days. Among the bright lights of this coterie was Dr. Alban S. Payne, who has since become famous under the *nom de plume* of "Nicholas Spicer." Dr. Payne and Ned Buntline formed a warm mutual friendship, which lasted through life, and when together during their early years were ever ready for any adventure requiring nerve and daring. "Nicholas Spicer"—one of the noblest membres of the 'Old Guard'—has another claim to distinction aside from his literary talent and high reputation as a physician. He is the identical man—

"WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON"

As the writer of this has been favored with the true version, from the gallant Spicer himself, the history of the famous encounter is worth repeating.

The quaint and genial "Nicholas Spicer" was at that time in the prime of manhood, one of the finest amateur athletes of the day, and his feats of

strength and agility commanded the admiration of his associates.

After graduating with honors, Dr. Alban S. Payne joined the American Medical Association, where his humor and powers of oratory made him a warm favorite. About the year 1848 the Medical Association convened at Richmond, Va., and "Spicer" attended as was his custom. One night, during the "wee sma' hours," the members were returning from a late session, in solid column to the number of twenty-five or thirty; and upon reaching the foot of Capital Hill, the door of a well-known restaurant flew open, as the redoubtable Billy Patterson emerged therefrom and sprang out upon the pavement. Patterson, a very Hercules in size and strength, appeared more formidable than usual, having indulged heavily in "the cup that inebriates" and being in one of his worst moods. He evidently regarded the company as a posse of police bent upon his arrest, and made a bold stand.

Pausing an instant to collect his energies, Billy Patterson dashed at the head of the column, and by sheer strength and weight hurled the disciples of Æsculapius in either direction as he advanced. The streets were almost impassable, the result of heavy rains, and the members of the profession nearest the outer edge of the pavement were sent reeling into the gutter. Patterson had utterly routed the front, when "Spicer," who was bringing up the rear, released his arms from his companion, on either side and prepared to meet the burly antagonist.

As Patterson, filled with exultation at his apparent triumph, found only one man of the rear guard to confront him, he aimed a terrific blow at that individual; but to his great surprise this was readily parried, and the counter blow, *a la* Yankee Sullivan, fell upon his left eye with such force, that, followed by a second, the desperado was thrown heavily into the street. More dead than alive, he was carried into the restaurant, where he was restored to consciousness, while the interrupted company resumed its line of march.

The next morning "Nicholas Spicer" learned that two policemen were on the lookout for the man who struck Billy Patterson, and while clear in conscience, his distaste for legal proceedings caused him to lay the case before a friend at the hotel. Assuring him of a speedy cessation of hostilities, this gentleman engaged two newsboys to traverse the streets of the city, asking every person old or young, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The policemen soon retired, but the question was caught up by hundreds of lips, and the query soon found a place in the daily journals, whence it spread with electric rapidity through all parts of the Union.

This is believed to have been the only fistic encounter in which Billy Patterson was vanquished, but it utterly subdued the bravo. It was the first and last one, in all probability, of Dr. Payne; yet so famous has it been rendered that many will no doubt

be pleased to learn who struck Billy Patterson.

Having given the reader an idea of "Nicholas Spicer's" courage and skill, it may be seen that he was a right royal companion for the gallant young sailor, adventurer and novelist. In response to a request from the writer, Nicholas Spicer has given the following personal recollections of Ned Buntline:

A MEMOIR, BY "NICHOLAS SPICER."

Added

I can clearly remember the circumstances attending my first meeting and subsequent acquaintance with the distinguished novelist, sportsman and traveler, Col. E. Z. C. Judson—"Ned Buntline." The whole world knows he was chivalric, and intellectual, but few knew as well as does the writer of this, his intrinsic worth, his generosity, his goodness of heart, and his undying attachment to his friends. He was a grand type of the true sportsman—in every acceptation of the term.

He loved his friends dearly, tenderly, and was ever ready to lend them a helping hand. He was fearless, generous, magnanimous. At times he was bold as a lion, at others capable of being "gentle as a lamb." In his composition the boldness of true manhood was happily blended with the gentleness of woman.

A soul in which the manlier traits
And gentler, were so blended,
That none could say where these began,

Or where the others ended
Alas! to fitly speak his worth
All words seem poor and common—
In whose large spirit Nature fused
The tenderness of a woman."

In the fall of 1844, I had written a sketch—a humorous article—for the old *Spirit of the Times*, giving a glimpse of New York life as seen by a verdant young countryman. The article was mentioned in very complimentary terms by the genial editor, William T. Porter ("York's Tall Son"), and in the notice to correspondents there was an invitation to call at the office next day. I was then sojourning at 531 Broadway, corner of Spring street, and was occupying, through courtesy, the same office with New York's great surgeon, Prof. Lewis A. Sayre, then a young but rising man. I dressed myself carefully, and with palpitating heart and trembling step proceeded to the sanctum of the *Spirit of the Times*, then located in Barclay street. As I entered the door I asked:

"Is Col. Bill Porter at home?"

"Yes, sir, always at home to my friends," responded a full, hearty voice, as the "Tall Spirit"—six foot four in stature—advanced to welcome me. Within the rare old sanctum I found a glorious gathering of talent—Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester"); Lewis Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker*; Lieut. Dick Meade, father of Gen. Meade of Gettysburg fame; Henry Inman, the artist; Ensign Edward Z. C. Judson, lately returned from a

sea voyage; Dr. T. O. Porter, and Elliott, the portrait painter—all of whom were introduced, and the acquaintance duly cemented at "Frank's" next door, in the usual manner. Just as we were about to take a sherry cobbler, Gen. George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, of the *Mirror*, and E. E. Jones, entered and joined us. Among them all, York's Tall Son was "the center of magnetic attraction." His personal popularity and genial magnetism exceeded that of any man I ever knew. Before I left I had a long talk with Edw. Judson, and he inquired of me all about Gen. Walker K. Armistead and family, of Virginia, saying he had served in Florida during the Seminole War, under Armistead. Just before we parted, Judson said, handing me a card: "Should you ever need a friend, call on E. Z. C. Judson, and your draft shall be honored." This was the first, but not the last time I ever met the noble old Roman so well known to the reading public in later years under the *nom de plume* of "Ned Buntline."

Our next meeting—and a most opportune one it proved to be—was in September, 1845, when the political horizon was all aglow, and the annexation project seemed ripe for consummation in Canada. At the solicitation of my friend, George Wallace McCrae, of Warrenton, Va., I had joined him on a romantic expedition up the St. Lawrence, to Montreal, the object of the trip being unknown to me until well under way. I then learned that the eloquent and eccentric McCrae was bent upon impress-

ing upon our Canadian cousins the superiority of "Benton's mint drops" over the copper coins of the British Provinces, and the mutual benefits to accrue from annexation with the United States.

At Montreal he made many enthusiastic converts, and left the city in high spirits, bound for Quebec, but on board the steamer, while *en route*, we formed the acquaintance of two British officers with whom the gallant McCrae became convivial, and finally a quarrel seemed imminent—over the relative merits of English and American soldiers. Several times I quieted the conflicting elements, curbing my own temper meanwhile, until finally, as McCrae stepped out of the room, in response to a call from a friend, one of the officers, Capt. A., sneeringly said, *sotto voce*: "See, the Yankee coward is sneaking away."

McCrae did not overhear the remark, but this final insult, following close upon a reflection on Gen. Jackson's courage, stung me to frenzy, and I offered to meet the boastful Britishers, one or both, with any weapons, there or elsewhere. They were taken aback at this, but handed me their cards and went up on deck. Upon arriving at Quebec McCrae and myself stopped at the Albion Hotel, and after a ride during the day over the historic plains of Abraham, we returned and found two mutual friends awaiting us—Wm. Henry Tyler, of West Point, and E. Z. C. Judson, who, as correspondent of the *Knickerbocker*, was visiting Canada to witness her grand scenery. Just as I passed in to supper a most elab-

orately dressed officer handed me a voluminous challenge from Capt. A——, of the Royal Guards, and I wrote a prompt acceptance, referring the doughty soldier to my friend Judson, for arranging all preliminaries. At my earnest request my friends promised, in event of my falling by my antagonist's bullet, that my parents should not be informed I had been killed in a duel, but that the report should be: "Drowned in the St. Lawrence River." All were pledged to secrecy, and no word or rumor of the event ever reached my family. The following letter, written by Dr. Sewall to his friend Dr. Carman, of Jamaica, L. I., explains the affair better than I can possibly do:

QUEBEC, NOV. 4, 1845.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: I was surgeon to Dr. Payne in his meeting with Capt. A——, Royal Guards, on the 17th day of last September. This fight occurred in a secluded spot, not far from Falls of Montmorency. The American party consisted of the principal, Payne; second, E. Z. C. Judson, Hon. G. W. McCrae, Lieut. Wm. H. Tyler and myself, acting as surgeon. We found the English party on the ground, having arrived, however, only a few moments ahead of us. They consisted of five officers with their valet.

Imagine Payne, slight, graceful, but tall and erect—a manner so unassuming and modest that he might have been mistaken for a fifteen-year-old boy—yet cool, calm, serene, with stern determination in his eyes, carelessly toying with his pistol (although to the observer it was evident he had handled a pistol before), confronted by a large, powerfully built man, apparently fifty years of age, dressed in full uniform. He is in manner theatrical, and handles his weapo.1

in that style. Stern determination can be seen on the countenances of both these men. Neither is going to yield until badly hurt. They are both waiting for the word—the trying moment has come. E. Z. C. Judson steps forward, and in a clear, manly tone says:

“Gentlemen, are you ready? One, two, —” but at the word “two” there is a simultaneous report, a moment of intense suspense; the smoke rolls away, and there stands our friend, apparently unhurt, while Capt. A—— is seen to stagger back, and is caught in the arms of his second, and carried to the rear, where he is laid in the shade of a group of trees.

A few moments pass, Payne still standing in his tracks, and he says: “Judson, ask if Capt. A——desires another fire.” The question is asked, and the answer comes back, “He does not.”

Then, said Judson: “Is there any gentleman on the ground who doubts Gen. Jackson’s courage?”

“There is none,” was the reply.

Said Lieut. Tyler: “Is there any gentleman who doubts the courage of the officers of the American army?”

“None,” replied the officers.

McCrae then inquired: “Is there any gentleman present who doubts the courage of the Yankee nation?”

“None,” was the response.

“Then,” said Judson, “the sport will have to stop from want of material—and we had better get away from here.”

I acted as surgeon for both parties—the Englishman not thinking one necessary. The ball struck the fifth rib on the left side of the Captain, glanced, and I cut it out from under the latissimus dorsi muscle. Capt. A—— never knew Payne was hit at all, but the Captain’s ball struck his right thigh, ranged upward and outward, and I cut it out over the trochauls major. I can say in truth the conduct of your friend under fire was capital, superb. I never saw more

courteous behavior, or a stronger desire to fight than the Americans evinced that day. Indeed, their gentlemanly conduct and desire to fight seemed to strike the English officers so forcibly that their feelings became those of admiration in place of resentment.

I applied a strong, hot poultice to Payne's wound that night, which took all the soreness out, and the next day he was walking around as if nothing had happened. Not so the Captain. He was laid up three weeks for repairs. A reconciliation took place before we left the grounds, and we all returned to Quebec together.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM SEWALL, M. D.

My third memorable meeting with Ned Buntline—not to mention the many social ones of minor importance—was in the winter of 1845. At this period it was dangerous after nightfall to pass through that notorious portion of Gotham known as the "Five Points," unless protected by policemen. Not only robbery, but foul murders were frequent, and the locality was carefully avoided by belated citizens. One evening I decided to attend a main, or "battle royal," on the Bowery, and not wishing to go alone I walked down to the Broadway House, near Mitchell's Olympic Theater, thinking I would meet some of the *Spiris* family at this popular hostelry. As I entered the door the first man I met was Ned Buntline, who, ever ready for an adventure, gladly consented to go with me. After enjoying the sport to a very late hour, we set out on our return. As we neared the Five Points we could see a

crowd gathering on the right-hand sidewalk. They seemed to gather from the sound of our steps on the pavement, and from their movements it was evident they were bent on stopping us. I proposed to cross over on the left-hand side, walk fast, and flank them, but Ned said: "No! let us advance rapidly and boldly right toward them. If they make any hostile demonstration we must fire right into them."

When within fifteen feet of them, the rascals made a rush at us. Simultaneously our pistols were fired, three men were seen to fall, and the rest scattered in every direction. We reached Broadway, and there separated, the lion-hearted Ned going to the Broadway House, and I to my lodgings farther up town—531 Broadway. About 12 M. next day I was in Dr. Sayre's office when a messenger arrived asking him to come to see a wounded man at the Five Points. He invited me to go with him, and I helped to dress the wounds of one of the miserable rascals that sought to take my life the night before. I have always thought that Ned Buntline and myself did as much to reform the Five Points as any of the home missionaries in that section.

CHAPTER, THREE

THE NOVELIST'S INTENSE PATRIOTISM —"NED BUNTLINE OWN"



ED BUNTLINE'S career in Gotham was a succession of stirring incidents, for his restless and daring nature could never be content with the steady routine that marks the life of ordinary mortals. The excitement of the chase or the "clamorous crowd" was as necessary to him as food to the famished. He was essentially a man of action and impulse. Through the medium of *Ned Buntline's Own* he scourged the lawless element of the metropolis, and was the means directly and indirectly of bringing to justice many of the cunning rascals of the city. The breezy journal was the talk of the town, and the editor was often in danger of "asault with intent to kill," on the part of the shrewdest members at large represented in the rogue's gallery. Ned Buntline was aware that his life was eagerly sought by scores of miscreants, but as the danger increased his spirits rose, for he believed that

A single hour of honest strife
Is worth a year of peaceful life.

He possessed an untamable and dauntless spirit that would have been more in keeping with the age of chivalry than the prosaic era in which he lived. He was a modern knight errant, hedged in with customs uncongenial and formal, yet warring vigorously against the code of the "unco guid and rigidly righteous," while assailing the vices of the metropolis on the other hand. Thus he was often between two fires, and cared no more for the assailants on one side than the other. It has been said of him, and with justice, that he never feared a foe nor forsook a friend.

One of his most intimate acquaintances, Mr. E. Locke Mason, who was associate editor of *Ned Buntline's Own*,—and who, in 1888, married Col. Judson's widow—thus alludes to the characteristics and eccentricities of the novelist: "Ned's life was one continuous series of sensations, almost from the cradle to the grave, and I verily believe he kicked off the coverlets from his little cradle, and fought against the rigid rules of decorum with all the earnestness of a baby monarch. Sensations upon sensations, riots, shootings, speeches, duels, prisons—north and south—travels, dramas, yachts, wars, adventures and a thousand condiments of this character, go together to spice a life that will furnish a dish for lovers of wild scenes among Indians, rough experiences at sea and startling episodes ashore. I am familiar with Ned's early history, and more par-

ticularly his *private* life, if he had any, which I doubt. He was the hero of a hundred fights and the victim of a hundred wrongs. The world, always coldly critical, judges of results and does not analyze the motives of men. Ned's follies and foibles were not concealed by any mask of hypocrisy, but were all on the surface, to be seen and criticised, while his inherent goodness and tenderness of heart could be appreciated by the favored few. He was, as all knew, careless and reckless in his habits. He never saved a book, a sketch, a scrap or a story of his own composition as long as I was his companion and correspondent. Moving constantly—in war or peace—new homes romantic abodes; fishing or hunting orating on temperance with a sad experience of the opposite extreme, fighting Mexicans, Indians or “rebels” on the plains, among the miners on the Golden Shores; anywhere, everywhere—leaving all articles identified with his every movement, whenever he happened to move. The mementoes of friends, loved pictures of relatives, camp tools and equipage, guns, pistols, swords, clothes trunks and boxes innumerable—all, *all* dropped behind or left with a friend, or where he last plied his pen, shot his gun, or spent his eloquence. Flags, banners, letters, gifts from institutions he had originated and individuals he had benefited; household effects, in fact every personal effect, of whatever name or nature, left to fate, while he pushed on in the restless manner of one who had a mission to perform, and

would accomplish it at all hazards, if he came out naked in the end. Thus was lost to us, to his friends, to history, to posterity—all or nearly all of the data and incidents of his sensational life; which, added to what is of public record, would have made a remarkable book." The foregoing may be regarded as a graphic pen-picture, in miniature, from a master hand.

Perhaps the most intense and unalterable of Ned Buntline's sentiments was his radical Americanism. This ruling passion at one time overshadowed all others, and the outcome was the organization of the true American party, more generally known as the "Know Nothings," of which the irrepressible Ned was one of the leading spirits and prime movers. The party was an important factor in politics, and faction fights of the most bitter and relentless character were common during its ascendancy. The foreign element assailed the new party vigorously, and the radical Americans retaliated in like spirit. Ned Buntline was the lion of the day. His pen and tongue exercised a potent influence in the cause. Always a ready speaker, he rose to the height of impassioned eloquence when advocating the principle "America for Americans," and his services were in constant demand as the orator of his party. Upon such occasions he was frequently interrupted and denounced by the foreign element, and bloodshed seemed almost unavoidable at times, yet the speaker never wavered for an instant.

While making a speech at Portland, during this exciting period, he had a ludicrous encounter with a huge foreigner, who, backed by a shouting mob of followers, seemed bent on silencing him by intimidation or by force. Jumping upon the platform, with an axe-helve in hand, the leader approached Judson and told him he could not go on. Mr. Judson very coolly asked his name, which was given. Then he asked:

"Have you been naturalized?"

"Yes, I've been naturalized," shouted the disturber.

"Well, I don't believe you have been baptized," said Judson; "in the name of the stars and stripes, take water"—and before the astonished *Bombastes Furioso* could resist he was thrown headlong in the river which flowed beneath the rear of the platform. It was such a surprise to the crowd that it completely demoralized them, giving the speaker's friends a chance to rally to his assistance. The speech was finished without further disturbance.

In 1848 the strife reached its climax, when Ned Buntline was indicted and convicted as one of the principals in the celebrated Astor Place riot, growing out of the bitter feud between the foreigners and the Know Nothings. Judge Charles P. Daly sentenced him to one year in the penitentiary, where he cheerfully served his term, while still keeping up his crusade against Judge Daly and other anti-American opponents, through the columns of his

newspaper. His release from imprisonment on Blackwell's Island was celebrated by an enthusiastic ovation on the part of his friends and admirers. Six white horses, harnessed to a gorgeous open barouche, drew him to his home near Abingdon Square, and the streets were thronged with men and boys who cheered him vociferously, while a cannon thundered forth welcome, and a mighty brass band played "Hail to the Chief" as the cortege drew up to the square. A number of eulogistic speeches rounded out the long to be remembered reception to Ned Buntline—the idol of young America, then as in later years.

Contemporary with the so-called Know Nothing party—though entirely distinct as an organization, and having no political significance or affiliation—was the Patriotic Order Sons of America, later recognized as a society of vast influence and increasing strength. This patriotic order, having for its primary objects "the inculcation of pure American principles; the opposition to foreign interference with state interests in the United States of America; the cultivation of a fraternal love; the preservation of the Constitution of the United States, and the propagation of free education," was first organized in Philadelphia, in 1847, and Ned Buntline was one of the founders. The progress of the order was slow, and prior to the late war the Camps were confined principally if not wholly to the Middle States. At the outbreak of the war a general enlistment of the

members compelled temporary suspension; but in 1866 it was reorganized upon a more substantial basis, and its development has since been phenomenal. To this organization the chivalrous Ned Buntline gave his heart and energies, and was ever a most devoted believer in its cardinal principles, as set forth in the preamble:

Whereas, The experiences of all ages and all countries distinctly showeth, that popular liberty—born amid the din of battle, baptized in patriot blood, and rocked by the rude storms of civil strife—demands for its preservation, against the rage of party spirit, the wiles of ambition, and the stern arm of power, the undivided love of all its votaries and the firm determination of all its friends, in an internal struggle with all its foes.

The history of the world most plainly proves that it is the business of one generation to sow the seed of which another reaps the harvest, be it of grain or taxes, of good or evil.

Now, therefore, we, the undersigned, Sons of America—children of its soil, reared beneath the shadow of its flag, loving it as none other can love, and having an interest in its future welfare, nearer, truer, deeper than all mankind beside, do hereby associate ourselves into an Order for the purpose of maturing ourselves in the knowledge and encouraging each other in the practice of our rights and duties as citizens of a country in which we are called to exercise among our fellow men the common rights of sovereignty. In which act of association we severally pledge ourselves to the observance and support of the laws of the land, and regulations of this body, as becomes the sons of freemen, willing to submit to the restraints of social order, and acknowledging no other bonds but those of duty to our God, our country, and ourselves.

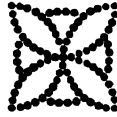
While engaged in editing *Ned Buntline's Own*, in the South and East; and amid the other occupations of divers kinds to which he turned his attention, Mr. Judson continued to publish, from time to time, stirring novels of the kind that first made his *nom de plume* a familiar household word to all lovers of exciting fiction. To one unfamiliar with his methods of literary labor, and his capacity for continuous work, the prolific character of his writings must be little short of marvelous. When engrossed in writing a new story for the press, he plied his pen with astonishing rapidity, and scarcely knew any rest until his task was completed.

A friend once inquired how he managed to do such an amount of literary work, and asked if his plots were carefully prepared in advance. He replied, "I once wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours, but during that time I scarcely ate or slept. As to my method—I never lay out a plot in advance. I shouldn't know how to do it, for how can I know what my people may take it into their heads to do? First I invent a title, and when I hit on a good one I consider the story about half finished. It is the thing of prime importance. Then I take a bound book of blank paper, set my title at the head of it, and begin to write about the fictitious character who is to be the hero of it. I push ahead as fast as I can write, never blotting out anything I have once written, and never making a correction or modification. If you will examine the leaves of

manuscript you will see that the pages are clean, with no erasures—no interlineations. If a book does not suit me when I have finished it, or at any stage of its progress, I simply throw it in the fire, and begin again without any reference to the discarded text. When I speak, as I frequently do on political topics, temperance, or any other subject, I talk straight on, as I write, without notes or any previous preparation."

Many of his romances appeared in the columns of the New York *Mercury*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and his own periodical, and the greater portion of these were afterward published in book form, to meet the demand of the public—always eager to read Ned Buntline's charming sea tales, and equally thrilling novels of border life. One of his friends, Commodore L. A. Beardslee—better known to the sportsmen of America over his signature of "Piseco"—says of the influence and impressive nature of these faithful pictures of life at sea: "Time after time, when passing through some of the vicissitudes of sea-life, I have recalled, by a flash of memory—as though I myself had been there before—some of his descriptions which fitted. I have recalled, in gales at sea, in the rivers and jungles of Africa, of Central and South America, and when cruising in the Caribbean Sea, along the Isle of Pines, Tortugas, and other buccaneering resorts made famous by him, the adventures and scenes of his creation."

Another gentleman, now a prominent patron of literature and art, relates that in early youth, having read nearly all the sensational tales of the prolific writer, he once enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of gazing upon the novelist, and on informing his school-mates that he "had seen Ned Buntline," the awe and admiration of his fellows for one thus favored by a passing glimpse of their hero and idol, knew no bounds. For many days after he was the acknowledged leader among his playmates, who regarded him as one that had seen a supernatural being—the great and only Ned Buntline.



CHAPTER FOUR

LIFE IN THE ADIRONDACKS— A HUNTER'S HOME

THE EAGLE'S NEST

Where the silvery gleam of the rushing stream
Is so brightly seen o'er the rocks dark green,
Where the white pink grows by the wild red rose
And the blue bird sings till the welkin rings.

Where the red deer leaps and the panther creeps,
And the eagles scream over cliff and stream,
Where the lilies bow their heads of snow,
And the hemlocks tall throw a shade o'er all.
Where the rolling surf laves the emerald turf,
Where the trout leaps high at the hovering fly,
Where the sportive fawn crops the soft green lawn,
And the crows' shrill cry bodes a tempest nigh—
There is my home—my wildwood home.

Where no step intrudes in the dense dark woods,
Where no song is heard but of breeze and bird;
Where the world's foul scum can never come;
Where friends are so few that all are true—
There is my home—my wildwood home.

—*Ned Buntline.*



HE so-called charms of civilization were literally chains to one of Ned Buntline's roving nature, and it is not surprising that after a sojourn of a few years in New York, he began to chafe under the restraint and formality of city life, and to cast about for an opportunity to return to the wilderness. In a letter to the writer, several years ago, he remarked that he had no love for cities, but was always happiest when far removed from civilization, surrounded by woods and waters, where the carol of birds, the whisper of the breeze, and the roar of the cascade, awoke sweeter music to his ear than all the symphonies of Beethoven. His natural distaste for city life became intensified during his residence in New York and Philadelphia, as the convivial habits there formed came near wrecking the stalwart woodsman, and he determined to break away from the dangerous surroundings and influences.

To think was to act with Ned Buntline, and he quietly "folded his tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away," to the wilds of the Adirondack region, then known to the public under the name of John Brown's tract. The region was famous only as the retreat of the visionary "old man of Ossawatomic," and few were aware of the fact that it was a paradise of fish and game. Upon reaching this wild locality Ned was once more in his element, and divided his time pretty equally between the enjoyment of field sports and the writing of sensational stories

for the press. The spot selected for his hermitage in the wilderness, which he christened "The Eagle's Nest," a romantic retreat, glowingly described in his little poem of that title—was near the bank of Eagle Lake, one of the three now known as the Blue Mountain lakes. He gave the place and many of the lakes and streams in that region the names they now bear, and in his humble cabin lived as happy as a prince, entertaining his friends who visited the wilderness, with the proverbial hospitality of a true knight of the trigger.

Mr. Chauncey Hathorn, who has long been familiar with almost every phase of Adirondack life, furnishes the following brief description of Ned Buntline's first appearance in that region, and the circumstances which led him to make it his home:

"In the fall of 1856, I, with a party of friends from Saratoga, visited the woods for a hunting excursion, intending to remain some time, and located at what is now Eagle Lake. Finding there a log house and clearing which had been made for lumbering purposes, we occupied it by permission. The party returned home about New Years day, and I remained with two woodsmen, one of whom had been a guide for Ned at Lake Piseco some time before. On our return to camp one day we found Ned, with a party he had picked up at Glens Falls. They had made their way in with a team on the rude road. When we came in Ned made himself known, and I said to him: 'I am glad to meet you. I know you

well, having read all your books, and was also a subscriber to *Ned Buntline's Own.*' From this time ever after he was a firm and genial friend.

"The place where we were was soon after offered for sale, and he lost no time in finding the owner, who sold it to him at a moderate price. His party remained a week and then went out, Ned leaving me in charge of the place until he should return in the spring, to make it his literary and mountain home. After his return I was called home, and Ned accompanied me to the outskirts of the woods, urging me to soon return and live with him and be his guest as long as I wished. He desired a housekeeper, and I recommended to him a bright, comely girl, Marie Gardiner, whom he employed and soon afterward married. Before I returned she died. A few evergreens mark the resting place of the mother and child at the Eagle's Nest.

"My health being poor, from close confinement to business, I decided to go again to the woods, and in the spring of 1859 I made my way up to the Lakes, where Ned gave me a cordial greeting. There were two eagles that made their nest each year opposite the house on the lake, and we never disturbed them. Their close proximity pleased him, and he named his home the Eagle's Nest, and the sheet of water, Eagle Lake. It is about one mile long, and a lovely lake. The one below, and the last of the chain, he named, Utawanna, which signifies sunshine. Upon

naming this lake he composed some beautiful lines, only a portion of which I now remember, namely :

Where the swift trout leapeth freely,
Where the wild rose blushing blossoms
Where the red deer stoops to drink,
On its mossy covered brink;
Not a human dwelling near it—
'Tis a gem in living green—
Utawanna, Queen of waters,
In thy heavenly silver sheen.

"At this time Ned was writing stories for the *New York Mercury*, and Mr. Cauldwell, the senior editor, made us a visit, and I became well acquainted with him. The editor and publisher was a warm admirer of Ned Buntline, and paid him liberally, as the public demand for his wild and fanciful stories made a great circulation for the *Mercury*. He wrote short stories for other papers, under various signatures, one of his pseudonyms being "Ethelbert, the Wanderer." His income from his writings, when he was faithful to his work, would amount to several thousand dollars per year, but after completing a long serial story or fulfilling a literary engagement, he would often indulge in a period of dissipation—though he would strive vigorously to conquer the besetting weakness, and finally succeeded in doing so, I believe, and became a strong temperance advocate.

"The natives of the country looked upon him as a wonderful man. His scars and wounds attested the desperate encounters he had engaged in, and won-

derful stories were told of his courage and prowess—which were in truth remarkable. He was very fond of shooting and fishing. Wild deer were very abundant, and might often be seen from his door, feeding in day time. He wrote but little during the day, but at night, after a drink of strong coffee, would do his writing when all was quiet. He had a post office established at his Eagle's Nest, and he employed a mail carrier to come in on foot each week, a distance of twenty-eight miles, and change the mails.

"In 1860 Ned made a trip to New York, leaving me to look after his home, and not long after a messenger came to ask me to meet the irrepressible Ned, and assist him in bringing home a wife he had just married. I met them, and it fell to my lot to take the bride to her home in a boat, while Ned went with the teamster around the road. The lady at once began to question me in regard to her future home of which she had formed a somewhat romantic idea—apparently expecting to find a mansion in the wilderness. As mildly as possible I gave a clearer view of the cabin home, taking especial care to describe the beautiful scenery, and the woman gracefully accepted the situation. She was good looking and intelligent, but the marriage proved an unhappy one, and trouble soon commenced which only ended when Ned left for the war.

"Ned Buntline had some excellent traits of character. His friendship was fervid and sincere, he

despised gambling and profane language, and would never employ any one who would use it in his presence."

Although generous and hospitable almost to a fault, he required due respect should be shown on the part of his guests, and certain simple rules must be complied with. There must be no hounding of deer on or across his premises, and no game butcher would be entertained at the Eagle's Nest. It is said that one of the guides, Alvah Dunning, boasted that he should set his hounds after deer in the vicinity of Ned Buntline's home at the first opportunity, and made the threat that in case of interference he would shoot the man who should attempt to stop him. This threat was repeated to Ned, who soon after detected Alvah crossing the little domain, and at once intercepted him. Two of the guide's hounds accompanied him, and foreseeing danger, he called them to heel. Ned very coolly raised his rifle and shot one of the dogs so close to Alvah that the bullet whistled uncomfortably near, then warned the intruder that another bullet would be ready for him if he were not out of sight in five minutes. Alvah disappeared from view within *one* minute, running at a rate of speed never before equalled by man in that region, and he was never again known to set foot on the domain of "Ned Buntline, the terrible."

Another incident, related by an intimate friend, indicates the spirit of true sportsmanship and love

of fair play, on the part of the rare old woodsman. One evening two skiffs were rowed up to his landing, and the occupants—two wealthy young sportsmen, accompanied by their guides,—put their shooting accoutrements on shore, depending upon putting in a pleasant night at the Eagle's Nest. The owner of the cabin came down and welcomed the belated hunters. From the bow of each boat protruded the saddles of a deer, and espying them Ned Buntline asked where they were shot. With a glow of conscious pride the young sportsmen informed him, and added that a few more deer had been killed the day previous, all by floating. "Where are they?" asked Ned. "Oh! they were does and a fawn and we left them on the bank as we had no—" "Hold on," cried the veteran woodsman at this point, interrupting the speaker, and directing the guides to reload the boat he compelled the game butchers to seek other quarters. Entreaties were in vain, and as the boats were pushed off he delivered a lecture to the occupants on the enormity of their offence against fair sportsmanship which they doubtless remembered ever after.

The novelist had no cause to complain of monotony while living in the great North Woods of New York. Adventures seemed to follow each other with surprising frequency, and he found his rifle convenient for almost daily use. One of his exploits he recorded as follows, under the title of

A WOLF MASSACRE

It was the winter of 1858. I was up in my hunter's cabin on Eagle Lake, the second of the Blue Mountain trio of crystal beauties. Cold was no name for the weather. The ice froze to over two feet thickness in November. By the first of January it was near four feet through, as we found when we cut holes through which to fish for salmon trout. Thirty to forty degrees below zero was the average.

Yet there came a sudden thaw in January—it only lasted a couple of days, but it left the deep snow crusted heavily and the lakes a glare of smooth ice as soon as the cold was renewed.

The settlers were few and far between in those days—most of them trappers and guides by profession, and such a thing as “crusting” deer or moose was unheard of. The backwoodsmen were as honest and manly as they were brave and true.

One day in January, my hounds, chained up in their warm dog-house, made a great fuss, and looking out on Eagle Lake in front of my log dwelling I saw a noble buck, a regal giant of the forest, attempting to cross its glittering surface. He was over half way across, slipping, falling and sliding on, when I went out. He did not seem to fear me, though he must have seen me. I believe the old fellow knew no white man would shoot him out of season, and was actually coming in for *protection*. For as I looked at him I heard a series of howls across the lake, and knew that a big gang of wolves was on the trail of the deer.

I hurried in and got my rifle, an Ogden double-barrel, made in Oswego, carrying a 32 to the pound conical ball. By the time I had got it and my ammunition ready, and rushed down to a clump of cedars on the lake-side, the noble buck was within two hundred yards of the shore and doing his uttermost to get there, for the wolves were almost up to him.

Two or three tremendous leaps brought him within easy rifle range, one hundred yards, but the accursed wolves, at least twenty in number, were on him, and in a second he was down, with every jaw fastened in him that could find a place to bite.

Oh! if I had then had the glorious "Old Reliable" that now stands in one corner of my sanctum, I believe I could have killed every wolf in the gang before they knew what I was doing, while, they, half-starved, were gorging on their prey.

As it was, while they were plunging, growling and tearing the poor animal to pieces, I sent in shot after shot, as fast as I could load and fire.

It was not until nine of their number were dead or disabled that the wolves found out they were in an unhealthy neighborhood, and several of these limped away when they went at last, leaving a bloody trail on the glittering ice.

In that brief time that deer was so nearly devoured that you couldn't find a bone that was not broken or a bit of meat big enough for a bulldog's swallow. And some of the dead wolves had their hides torn so badly they were almost worthless by the numerous jaws of their mates in the blind, mad struggle for a feast.

I did not make much on my wolf hunt besides the fun of killing them and avenging the noble buck. There was no bounty on wolves, though I got ten dollars a head on three panthers shot a little later.

Ah, what a change from then and now! The woods were full of deer; moose, though not plenty, were often seen, and trout, speckled and salmon, were so plenty that twenty minutes' fishing any time, and almost anywhere, would feed a half dozen hearty men for the day.

Shot-guns were never heard of—rifles were our only weapons, and a red rag or a bit of venison just as good as a whole book of flies, for all practical purposes, in trouting.

It makes me sick to go there now. A lover of Nature and Nature's gifts shudders at the advance of—dudes and their fancy accessories. *Hunters* and *anglers* go beyond civilization, if they know themselves.

On another occasion he very narrowly escaped with his life, when his cabin burned to the ground one bitter cold winter's night, as related in a communication to one of the *sporting journals a few years later. Of this experience he gives a very vivid description, entitled,

BURNED OUT

I had gone up for my Fall deer shooting, and finding a hunter's cabin, evidently long unused, near the head of Indian River, I made up my mind to test a Winter there or as much of it as I could stand. I had an old guide who could pack his hundred and twenty pounds at a time, and by his aid I had such stores as I needed packed in before the snows were deep. The cabin, built against and partly under a rocky ledge, was made of spruce logs, covered with hemlock bark, and had a door, rude, but sufficient, made of a couple of split slabs, standing upright. Windows were not needed—there were air holes enough between the logs despite the moss stuffing we put in.

Inside I had a small sheet-iron camp-stove, which could be made red-hot with a double handful of birch bark. Outside, old Birch, my guide, cut and piled about twelve or fifteen cords of birch, beech and maple wood of large size for a camp-fire when I wanted it. There was plenty of dead timber lying around loose on the banks of the little lake near

* *The Turf, Field and Farm* (1882), when the offices of the well-known sportsmen's journal were burned in the fire which consumed the old *World* building on Park Row, New York.

camp, so I had no danger of a freeze-out. I had snow-shoes to travel with when I desired, and when he left Birch was to come in every two weeks to bring my mail and carry out manuscript, for I *worked* there, as I always do wherever I am, *penfully*.

For the first six weeks after Winter set in I had a glorious time. Hermit life just suited me. I had plenty to eat and drink, good reading matter, and all of out-doors to myself when I wanted exercise. Writing sketches and stories filled up the intervals.

Almost every night I had a concert. A gang of wolves played the principal part. A panther solo made the variation. I was happy. No temptation to deviate from the rules of health and morality appeared. I was at church every day. The blue arch of heaven was its dome, the great pines and maples and birch trees formed its columns, the lofty hills, the voiceless lake, the singing rills which never froze, its lessons—the contemplation of the God-created forest its sermons.

But I went to sleep and pleasant dreams one night at an early hour to wake at or near midnight under a light as brilliant as a salamander could desire. Some spark from my slender stove pipe must have fallen on the half rotten roof back of the straw covering in front, under the rocks. A fierce north wind that was blowing most likely fanned it to life, and when I woke fire was above and all around me, for fire had dropped from above on my bedding, and it was ablaze as I sprung to the door.

I had only time to snatch my rifle, ammunition, clothes and snow-shoes from a corner not yet afire and get outside, when the hut was all ablaze.

I dressed out on the crust, with the thermometer away below zero, but did not feel the cold in the excitement. After I was in my thick woolen clothes, and my moose-skin moccasins on, I began to think of many things inside that I might

have got out and needed. But it was too late. They had gone where your noble library has gone, to ashes.

Sadly I looked on the fire till it smouldered down, keeping warm as I sat on my unconsumed wood-pile, and then by the early light of the morning star I laid my course for the little hamlet of Lake Pleasant, about thirty miles away. I *was* traveling "light" on an empty stomach, snow-shoeing was fair, and I got there to dinner.

I never tried complete hermit life since. I was then and there cured of all desire for it.



CHAPTER, FIVE

NED BUNTLIN IN THE CIVIL WAR



SOON after the outbreak of the late Civil War, the gallant Ned Buntline, whose love for the stars and stripes had been tested on the battlefields of Mexico, and the earlier Seminole war, again enlisted under the Union flag, and served with credit and distinction in the hotly-contested battles of the terrible, and, as it has been termed, "irrepressible conflict." His former experience in border warfare, his intrepid courage, coolness and daring combined to fit him admirably for the position which was soon assigned to him—that of "chief of scouts," with the rank of colonel.

The dashing spirit and manner of Colonel Judson inspired his soldiers with confidence and admiration, and it is recorded that his nerve and gallantry, backed by the brave bordermen under his command, proved victorious by unexpected assaults against superior numbers. He was essentially a fighter of the hurricane order, and re-enacted on several occasions, though on a smaller scale, the impetuous,

resistless charges so characteristic of Sheridan and Custer. On the other hand, where caution and strategy were required, Colonel Judson was equal to the emergency, and his knowledge of the Indian and guerilla mode of warfare often enabled him to check the ravages of the vindictive fighters of the frontier.

During the terrible strife Colonel Judson was unconsciously laying the foundation for greater fame and fortune as a writer of fiction. It was during this period, and at the close of the war, that he formed the intimate acquaintance of the brave scouts of the border, James B. Hickock, "Wild Bill;" William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill;" Capt. Jack Crawford; J. B. Omohundra, "Texas Jack," and other daring heroes of the West, who afterward figured prominently in his most successful novels. In his spirited reminiscences of the war, scattered through the pages of many periodicals of the day, Ned Buntline has given graphic pen pictures of the times that literally tried men's souls. The following sketch, originally contributed by our hero to the columns of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, gives a glimpse of the grim glory of war:

A WAR-TIME REMINISCENCE

Meeting, not long ago, to my great delight, one of your old subscribers and best friends, Major Schieffelin, of the great drug firm of W. H. Schieffelin & Co., recalled an incident very memorable in his life and mine. He was the third major in Gen. Charles C. Dodge's First N. Y. Mounted Rifles, and joined the regiment about the same

time that I had the honor of taking saddle with as fine a body of men as ever touched spur to flank.

The day I reached the regiment, early in 1862, there was a reconnoissance ordered to feel of the enemy on the lines of the Blackwater, and to make a push toward Petersburg to see what his strength was. There was a brigade of infantry under General Wessels; a section of Battery L, regular United States artillery, under Lieut. Beecher; the howitzer battery of First Mounted Rifles under Fairgraves, and the First Mounted Rifles under Col. Dodge, afterward a general when only twenty-three years of age, and the finest-looking man that I ever saw in the saddle. Six feet two in height, elegantly formed, with a classic, fearless face, a splendid horseman, he looked every inch the soldier. He had already served abroad in the Queen's Light Guards, the finest cavalry in England.

When within half a mile of Blackwater Bridge the command was halted in a depression near a stream, scouts sent ahead and the enemy discovered in force across the Blackwater, with a long range of masked rifle pits beyond the abutments of the bridge, which, with the steam saw mill at that point, they had burned.

The undersigned volunteered alone to find where the enemy was, and *did* find them, rather suddenly. They were so well masked that he gained the river bank above the ruins of the mill, rode down to the water's edge and skirted along the shore to the east abutment of the bridge, without seeing a man, or anything but a thick growth of bushes on the high bank just beyond the river—there very deep and about 100 or 130 feet wide. The bridge had been a wooden structure, single span.

Just as the rider reached the foot of the abutments, a single confederate officer rose among the bushes and shouted:

"Halt, you d——d Yank! Halt and surrender!"

"Not much!" I replied. We were almost in pistol shot, and all was so still an ordinary tone of voice was audible. "Not quite ready!"

"Fire!" he yelled.

And at that every bush seemed to have covered a man, for full two hundred riflemen poured a concentrated volley on me. The depression from the high bank to where I sat in my saddle was full thirty degrees, and every shot went over my head. The air seemed hot with bullets; but nary a scratch to me or my horse. But the way that horse went over the bank and out of range was a caution to those who practice electric locomotion.

To ride back, report to the commanding officer, and get to the mounted rifles was quick work.

The Thirty-ninth Illinois and Twenty-sixth Ohio were ordered forward as a skirmish line, two companies of the Mounted Rifles dismounted, with their Sharpe's carbines, and Beecher's section of Battery L, two guns, sent forward.

The writer was given a special squad of sharp shooters from the Rifles to feel the way, place the artillery and do about as he pleased.

He gave Beecher his points, showed him by two tall trees the limits, so far as he had seen, of the enemy's line, and while the battery galloped to a spot masked by bushes not four hundred yards from the enemy, the infantry named advanced in treble skirmish line, cautiously, under cover.

When I had ridden back I had seen close to the east abutment of the bridge, near a rail fence, a huge sycamore tree, a splendid cover. With six men from Company C, I think, and two from A, I made a rush for that tree, and we reached it unharmed, I made the men lie down and hand me up a loaded rifle when mine was emptied. They were hidden by the large trunk entirely. The opposite bank was now almost a sheet of fire, though few men could be seen, they were so well masked. Our skirmishers were sending in lead hot and fast.

Beecher opened fire with his two rifled guns, but his shot (shrapnel he was using) went forty feet too high.

One of my men, Corporal Kane, now, I think, in New York, crept back and told Beecher from me how much depression was needed to reach their works.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Wheelan, brother of our then Major Wheelan, who is now a senior captain in the Second regular United States cavalry, Gen. Augur's old regiment, tried to creep through the rail fence to reach my tree, from behind which I was firing as often as I could see a man on the other side.

Poor Wheelan was shot through the throat as he raised his head to speak to me.

Amid a shower of bullets two of the heroes, who had held the tree with me all this time, caught him, dragged him through the fence and keeping in the tree line, carried him to the rear, where he died in a few minutes. And now I saw Schieffelin for the first time under fire.

He had ridden up on hearing that Wheelan was shot, and there he sat in his saddle, his plumed hat over his fair young face, a blue cloak with its red lining, thrown back over his shoulder, curiously looking at the enemy's works, just as Beecher's battery got in its work at the right elevation. A soldier myself, of two long, hard wars, used to fire, knowing that he was for the first time under fire, I watched him with a curiosity that made me forget any danger myself, though several bullets grazed me where I stood. Bullet after bullet whistled over and about him, and he did not seem to mind them a bit, until an officer in the Thirty-ninth Illinois gave him a caution, and was hit himself a second after.

"This is war, is it?—rather hot, but they don't kill every shot." was his cool remark, made within ten feet of me as he turned his horse and rode back slowly to the battalion.

Ten minutes later the battery had shelled the enemy back, and the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, Col. Spear, having come up, a regular cavalry charge was ordered, and both commands, the rifles leading, swam the river, captured the enemy's works, chased the force, superior to our own, nearly to Ivor, a large intrenched camp, and then turning to the right captured the picket guards at Joiner's Ford, seven miles above, and rejoined the infantry at the Isle of Wight court house.

Surgeon Boyd, of the One Hundred and Twelfth New York was along as a volunteer, and his horse wouldn't swim worth a cent. If he is living perhaps he will tell your readers who pulled him from his saddle and landed him on the right side of Jordan, where he found his horse in time to keep up with the command.

I'd like to see that old sycamore. I'll bet, if it yet stands, and has not been hacked at, that twenty pounds of bullets, shot at the head and shoulders of the writer—that was all the target they had—can be found in that tree.

I have never ceased to regret that Gen. Dodge and Major Schieffelin did not remain in the service. They would have held their own and more—they were all dash and courage. But business calls, matrimony, and an aversion to the political promotions they had to wince under—men whose service as ward politicians gave them political preference—did the work, and both resigned, with glory waiting to crown their brows. They were idolized by the men under them, who would have followed them to death without drawing rein.

This is but a desultory sketch, a pleasant memory of hot work, but it is yours. If the major would only give it he could describe the affair far better than 'tis here recorded.

CHAPTER, SIX

UNJUST IMPRISONMENT OF NED BUNTLINE



NOTHER episode in the war record of Colonel Judson, which has been incorrectly, if not maliciously, distorted, was the period of temporary incarceration at Fort Hamilton. The true version of this affair has been recently given by Major T. P. McElrath, the popular writer of war stories, as follows:

Happening to encounter recently a newspaper account of the exploits of the late Edward Z. C. Judson—more popularly known to the past generation by his *nom de plume* of "Ned Buntline"—the author of some of the most blood-curdling, hair-raising novels in American literature, it flashed upon my memory that the novelist had once been a prisoner in my special custody at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor. The post was not utilized during the war as a military prison, nor is its history associated with the records of captives, famous or infamous, as military or civilian opponents of the nation's integrity as are those of Forts Lafayette, Monroe, Warren, McHenry and Jefferson. Nevertheless, within an interval of a few months three men were incarcerated in Fort Hamilton, all of them soldiers, and all three arrested

by the unusual exercise of arbitrary power without the preferment of charges against them which would have insured them the benefit of trial by court martial. As the whole circumstances of these cases have never found their way into public print, many of their attendant facts being known only to myself, it occurred to me that their recital might constitute an interesting contribution to the history of that period.

The first of the three individuals referred to was an officer of high rank whose ability in both military and civilian branches of service prior to and since the war of the rebellion earned for him world-wide distinction. In the second Army Register of 1861, issued after the first reorganization of the regular army, the name of Charles P. Stone appears seventh in rank in the list of brigadier generals of volunteers, Generals Porter, Franklin and W. T. Sherman being his immediate predecessors and U. S. Grant being ten "files" below him. General Stone's career, including his still unexplained imprisonment of over six months' duration, is too familiar to the American people to require detailed relation in this sketch. I have felt constrained, however, to make this brief allusion to him from the circumstance that after having been the first man, who, in January, 1861, was mustered into service for the defense of the national capital, he became a few months later the first military prisoner confined during the war in Fort Hamilton. He was arrested at midnight on the 8th of February, 1862, while commanding a corps of 12,000 men in Virginia, and was placed in close captivity and a cold ear turned to his demands for an explanation of the outrage.

Fort Lafayette was the prison to which he was consigned and his custodian was the sturdy Martin Burke, lieutenant colonel of the Third United States artillery, a strict military constructionist, who earned for himself a wide-spread fame by the grim literalness which he displayed in managing the hospitalities of that isolated and dreaded "bastile." No

charges were ever preferred against General Stone, and about the middle of July, 1862, he received permission to take quarters at Fort Hamilton on the neighboring main land, which his wife and daughter were allowed to share with him. Finally, on August 16th, he was abruptly turned loose, being fully released from arrest, though nearly another year elapsed before Secretary Stanton permitted him to again assume command in the field. During his few weeks' residence at Fort Hamilton he was very popular with the officers of the garrison whose sympathies were naturally brought into play by the mysterious irregularity of his captivity. To the youngsters of the "mess" it was a treat to witness the genial courtesy which uniformly marked his association with them, while his soldier's dignity furnished them a desirable model for imitation. The subsequent distinguished career of General Stone has recently been exhaustively related in the newspapers, through the interest excited by his sudden and unexpected death in New York during the last week of January, 1887.

The two successors of General Stone as prisoners in Fort Hamilton were men of a wholly different type. My recollection of them was revived by the newspaper paragraphs referred to above, which contained an inaccurate and inadequate statement regarding an episode in Mr. Judson's career that has never to this writing been related. The writer of that article summed up his subject's war record in the following words: "During the war he was arrested and confined in Fort Lafayette for overstaying his parole." That is rather too scanty a recognition of his services in the army, and moreover it is not true. As a matter of fact Judson was never confined in Fort Lafayette. His single experience as a prisoner of consequence during his military career related solely to a captivity in Fort Hamilton during the summer of 1863. At that time the "military post of the city and harbor of New York," with headquarters at Fort Ham-

ilton, was commanded by Brevet Brigadier General Harvey Brown, Colonel of the Fifth United States artillery—the brave and skillful officer, who, a few weeks subsequent to the occurrences related in this sketch rescued the city of New York from the hands of the largest and most evil-disposed mob that has ever come to the surface in the United States. The “post” comprised all the forts and military commands in the vicinity of New York, excepting Governor’s Island and Fort Lafayette, besides the hospital and convalescent depots at David’s, Hart’s and Riker’s Islands. The garrison of this “post,” exclusive of the New York headquarters and staff of Gen. Wall, who commanded the department of the East, was composed of the headquarters and two mounted batteries of the Fifth United States artillery, battalions of several regiments of regular infantry which had been sent North to replenish their forces decimated in McClellan’s peninsular campaign, and some volunteer regiments recently reorganized after having been mustered out at the end of their original two years’ enlistment. General Brown had an office in Grand street, in New York, and had organized a military patrol for the city in the shape of a volunteer company which he designated the invalid corps, and which was the object of his special and affectionate solicitude.

One fine afternoon in the early summer of 1863 a corporal of the invalid corps, with a file of men escorting a prisoner, reported to me at Fort Hamilton, where I was serving as post quartermaster. The captive was a tall, broad-shouldered handsome man, wearing a combination of civilian’s and soldier’s costume, and bearing himself with the air of a man accustomed to command rather than obey. With him I received a note from Gen. Brown, in New York, directing me briefly to lock the prisoner in a casemate and to keep the key carefully in my own pocket. An empty casemate recently vacated by a departing officer of the garrison was selected for the purpose, and was hastily furnished with an

iron bedstead, a couple of chairs and a few other conveniences from my own quarters, furnished apartments for strangers not being provided at that post. Shortly after leaving the prisoner to his reflections, I was handed a note which he had passed through a window to a passing soldier. The missive, the original of which lies before me as I write, reads as follows:

"If Lieutenant McElrath will have the kindness to loan me a book or two I shall be sincerely obliged.

Respectfully, etc.,

"EDWARD Z. C. JUDSON.

Recognizing the name at once I knew my prisoner to be the redoubtable "Ned Buntline." The great sensational novelist was reluctantly contributing his share toward a minor chapter of the history of the war in the same hurried and peremptory manner in which doubtless the heroes of his own lurid fiction were unexpectedly caused to encounter the shocks of adverse fate. I sent the messenger back with an armful of literature and arranged matters so that a fresh supply could be provided at the captive's will.

On General Brown's arrival at Fort Hamilton in the evening I learned that Mr.—or rather Sergeant—Judson had been placed in durance at the special request of his wife. He had come North from "the field" on furlough, and had not only overstayed his allotted time—a circumstance which of itself might not have provoked connubial dissension—but he had become irritable in his days of inactivity, being emphatically one of that restless class who "prey upon high adventure, nor can tire of aught but rest." His spouse, accordingly thought the easiest way to restore peace in the family would be to pack its head off to the regiment. That, however, was not a thing that could be at once accomplished, as his command was somewhere in the distant South, and it was necessary to wait until the quartermaster's department should despatch a vessel in that direction. In all likelihood

the mere overstay of his furlough would not under the circumstances of the period have subjected him to General Brown's special displeasure. New York at that time was crowded with volunteer soldiers striving to return to their commands from furlough or sick leave, and in addition to extensive barracks erected for their accommodation in the Battery, and the City Hall Park, large numbers were constantly encamped on the Fort Hamilton reservation. The tide was incessantly ebbing and flowing. Detachments were shipped Southward several times a week, but their disappearance was unnoticed, their places being instantly filled by new arrivals from the interior. But General Brown, albeit he was famous in the army as a rigid martinet—which in truth means simply an officer who respects his calling sufficiently to do his duty conscientiously—was in addition a humane man, with profound and delicate respect for the fair sex. And this woman's complaint of ill-treatment excited his ire against the luckless chevroned scribe, and impelled him to order the latter to be locked up as I have said, in a brick archway in the bowels of Fort Hamilton's granite walls. His captivity, however, was not particularly galling. On the following day Mrs. Judson presented herself at the fort and was at once allowed to visit her husband. She brought him a supply of stationery, and he at once betook himself to novel writing. Each forenoon she made her appearance at the post, and it was rumored in the garrison that in the few days that his confinement lasted he had written three blood-curdling novels, which his wife found a market for in the city. I regret that in the pressure of more important business I had not sufficient curiosity at the time to ascertain their titles.

A few days after Judson's incarceration Gen. Brown sent me another prisoner, with similar injunctions as to his safe-keeping. This captive was a young man dressed in the fatigued uniform of a commissioned officer, and presenting on

his countenance and in his general appearance, evidence of recent over-indulgence in drink. He was a German, with a very imperfect knowledge of the English language. My instructions with regard to him were very plain, and I clapped him into the same apartment with Judson and left him to cool off, without at the time inquiring his name or the cause of the singularly disgraceful manner in which he had been projected upon my notice.

When I reported the new arrival to General Brown on his return at the point that evening I found the latter highly incensed over the circumstances which had led to his arrest. It appeared that the German, after loading himself with beer in some East Side saloon, had become engaged in a dispute with the people of the establishment which resulted in a lively fight. The military man succeeded in worsting his opponents and in clearing the apartment of both visitors and attendants. Then hastily closing the front door, he armed himself with the piece of scantling with which it was barred at night when shut to exclude the outside world, and stood ready to repel an assault. This was not long delayed. Planted by the door the hero of the evening made such a vigorous defense with his formidable weapon that the assailing party were twice repelled with considerable effusion of blood and some severe bruises. Then, taking advantage of their discomfiture, he made a sudden sortie, brandishing his club, and before the astonished host divined his purpose, he rushed past them and was quickly out of sight. As he was hastening in the direction of Broadway he met a party belonging to Gen. Brown's Veteran Reserves patrolling the streets in search of wandering and dilatory soldiers. Slackening his pace, he ordered the detachment to halt, and the sergeant in command, impressed by his authoritative manner and his uniform, reiterated the order. Hastily informing the sergeant that a party of volunteers had been maltreated in a beer saloon in the vicinity, the stranger took command of

the detachment himself and marched them to the place of his recent conflict. The door was found open and the room was filled with people drinking beer and discussing vociferously the apparition before which they had given way a few moments previously. Wheeling his column into line, the self-appointed commander gave the order to charge.

An indescribable tumult ensued. The affrighted occupants of the saloon, seeing their redoubtable adversary approaching with reinforcements, had no time to rally for resistance, but fled incontinently, making their exits promiscuously through the rear windows of the hall and scaling the fences of the back yard with eager haste. Finding himself again the master of the situation, the stranger discreetly marched his command from the scene of the double victory, and when he had gone a few blocks from the place he relinquished the command again to the sergeant and disappeared in the darkness. The idea gradually penetrated the mind of the sergeant that he had been imposed upon. Accordingly the next morning on General Brown's arrival at the New York office the disgusted non-commissioned officer reported the occurrence, and mighty was the General's wrath at hearing the rueful story. The appearance of an intoxicated officer was not a phenomenal thing in those days, but that anyone should have the audacity to take possession of his pet patrol and use it for the subjugation of a lager beer saloon was an indignity not to be ignored. Detectives were employed to ferret out the mysterious brawler, and on the following day they arrested him in his room in the St. Nicholas hotel and carried him triumphantly to the general. The latter wasted no words over him but sent him at once under guard to Fort Hamilton, as I have related. On the following morning he was brought before the general at headquarters immediately after guard mounting, when he declared himself to belong to the staff of General Doster, then provost marshal of the District of Columbia, recreating himself in New York

on a brief leave of absence. He was remanded to his casemate and a communication was despatched to General Doster inquiring as to the truth of the story.

The two worthies bore their confinement with praiseworthy good nature. Their meals were furnished them from the bachelor officers' mess, which at that time was conducted in handsome style under the stewardship of one of the Flouquets of the famous Plattsburg family of caterers, who had been enticed from the shores of Lake Champlain for that special purpose, and both were permitted to receive visitors during the day time. Finally a steamer was despatched to some Southern port from which Judson could receive transportation to his regiment, and I never saw him again. Rumors, however, reached us of his having distinguished himself by gallant conduct shortly after his liberation. A Federal command somewhere in the interior stood in need of supplies, but the master of the vessel transporting them was reluctant to run the gauntlet of rebel troops occupying the banks of the river, by which alone the command could be reached. Pilots were not obtainable, as the shores were known to teem with confederate sharpshooters. In the emergency Judson stepped nobly to the front and volunteered to pilot the steamer. Bullets rattled along unceasingly against the iron clad pilot house which he occupied during the trip up the river, but happily none of them were billeted for Judson, who stood calm and unflinching at the wheel until he had conveyed his charge to his destination. For this gallant act, the story ran, he was publicly thanked in general orders besides receiving more substantial reward in the shape of promotion.

Meanwhile my German captive remained in durance vile, nearly a fortnight elapsing before the receipt of General Doster's response to General Brown's letter. The answer fully corroborated the prisoner's statements in regard to himself. He proved to be a subaltern officer of the Prussian

cavalry, a baron by title, and the son of one of the most prominent officials of the Prussian government. He had received leave of absence to enable him to visit the United States and attach himself to our service in order to gain a practical familiarity with grand tactics, and the New York episode which I have related was possibly a private rehearsal of some tactical principle he had picked up during a residence of several months in the national capital. Of course, he was immediately restored to liberty, with a spicy reprimand from General Brown, who had him kept under surveillance until he had departed in the cars for Philadelphia. Some months afterward I encountered him at the St. Nicholas hotel, in New York, and found him a very sociable companion. I understood that he returned to his own country early in 1864. I have thought it best not to reveal his identity, foreign though he was, inasmuch as an official representing his government and bearing his name and title, has figured somewhat largely and creditably in the higher diplomatic circles in Washington during the past few years—and I have a serious suspicion that he is the same person who as an unknown lieutenant nearly twenty-four years ago was the reluctant recipient of the enforced hospitalities of Fort Hamilton and the fellow prisoner of Ned Buntline.



CHAPTER, SEVEN

WITH "SCOUTS OF THE PLAINS" AND AT HOME

THE HILLS OF DELAWARE

Once more, dear hills of Delaware,
I look upon your leafy pines—
Once more upon your mossy slopes
My wearied form at ease reclines,
And up into the pictured clouds
I gaze with glad contented eyes,
And feel myself in bliss at home,
Beneath my boyhood's native skies.

I've stood on fair Nevada's peaks,
And thought the picture grand and fair—
I've sighed in bright Yosemite,
And thought 'twas almost Heaven there;
I've wandered far in every clime,
And met with beauties strange and rare,
But ever still my heart looked back
To these—the hills of Delaware!

No matter where my footsteps tread
By fortune's wayward changes led—
No matter how those fortunes shine,
Or where I rest my weary head—
In dreams by night, in thoughts by day,
Before me pictured everywhere,
I see my home, and those I love,
Upon the hills of Delaware.

—Ned Buntline.



AT the close of the late Civil War, Colonel Judson retired from military service, covered with wounds and broken in health, but retaining his indomitable will and courage—the resistless force that had carried him through perils and adventures bordering upon the marvellous. That he survived the numerous wounds from bullet and shell and sabre, inflicted during his military career and desperate encounters with Indians, outlaws, etc., is evidence of a wonderful vitality.

With a few congenial spirits—notably “Buffalo Bill” (William F. Cody), “Wild Bill” (James B. Hickox), “Texas Jack” (J. B. Omohundro) and Captain Jack Crawford—all well-known scouts and frontiersmen, Ned Buntline rambled over the Western plains, where he reveled in hunting and Indian fighting, while gathering abundant material for the thrilling romances of the border with which his name and fame have been since so closely identified. His coolness and courage, no less than his remarkable skill as a crack shot with the rifle and pistol, made him an acknowledged leader among the wild bordermen of the West, and if the record of his life on the plains could be carefully gathered, it would form a bright chapter in his life history. Without seeking for fame in this direction, he was ever one of the boldest defenders of the defenseless, and often an avenger of the cruel wrongs perpetrated by the lawless Indian tribes.

In public or private life Ned Buntline was not the wild man of the woods he was often supposed to be. He was a man of culture and dignity, an eloquent orator and clever conversationalist—"the center of magnetic attraction" in an assemblage, and few would surmise from his appearance that he was the hero of a hundred battles. In 1867 and 1868 he made a regular tour in California and along the Pacific coast, in the temperance work, and gained the reputation of a vigorous and effective advocate. He also appeared frequently as a lecturer, in incidents and scenes of the war, but his great theme, as a friend once remarked, was radical Americanism, and from first to last he believed and practiced in the principle that Americans should rule America.

An amusing episode occurred in connection with his brief yet sensational career as playwright and actor. He had prepared a Western drama, entitled, "The Scouts of the Plains," adapted to the histrionic abilities of the bold scouts Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, who agreed to meet him in Chicago, where they were to make their first appearance on any stage—aside from the stage-coach of the far West. Ned Buntline thus relates his experience in introducing Buffalo Bill to the public as one of the hunters of the wild west:

"I shall never forget the time I had putting him on his feet as a showman twelve or fourteen years ago. We had corresponded and I had agreed to run the show. We were to meet in Chicago. I got

there Thursday morning, and Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack arrived in the evening. They were to bring twenty Indian bucks for the show. Judge of my consternation when they came without an Indian. What were we to do? The biggest theater in Chicago was hired for the next Monday night at a heavy cost. We had no Indians, and it was to be an Indian show. 'We must now have a play,' I said. I went out and hired ten actors who were waiting around for something to do, and set Bill and Jack to making Indians of them. Then I went to writing a play. It was a blood-curdling and gory tragedy of the plains. Buffalo Bill was made the hero, but I was cast in a part where there was more talking to do, lest he might not be up to it. I wrote the play as rapidly as possible, handing the sheets to copyers as fast as finished, so that all could have their parts. We had three rehearsals—one on Friday and two on Saturday. My own part was not written at all; I merely had a cue at the end, and led up to it with any sort of talk I pleased. The eventful evening came. The curtain rose on an audience of perhaps three thousand. I had a rambling soliloquy about frontier life and my old pards Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, when, at the cue, in they stalked. The audience rose and howled a welcome to them. The cheer was prolonged and embarrassing. At last it subsided and the time came for Buffalo Bill to speak. He had forgotten his part and stood like a statue. The prompter gave him the

words. I told him to say something—anything. He was speechless! I said: 'Why, you've been off buffalo-hunting with Milligan, haven't you?' That woke up him. He looked at Milligan and his friends in a box, and told in plain language the story of his last buffalo hunt. Then we all got warmed up, and the 'Scouts of the Plains' went off in a lively manner. It was a highly successful show, financially, and has introduced many other similar wild west combinations, which the public seem to appreciate judging from the vast assemblages drawn together to see the same.

Later another western scout, James B. Hickox ("Wild Bill") was added to Ned Buntline's unique company, and this dauntless man—the bravest of the brave, as proven in many deadly fights to maintain law and order—was a bright star in the little galaxy. While holding the position of sheriff or marshal at Hays City, and afterward at Abilene, Kansas, "Wild Bill" maintained the reputation for cool courage which he had shown in earlier years, through meeting, single-handed, and killing or desperately wounding all the members of the notorious McCandless gang of desperadoes. Wild Bill, however, was never given to seeking notoriety, and it was with difficulty that he had been induced to remain for even a short time with the traveling company. He had always been a real actor in life's wild drama, and the presentation of this on the stage did not appeal to him, therefore it is not surprising that the

call of the wild had been an irresistible one to him. Of all the American frontiersmen—not even excepting Kit Carson—it is believed that Wild Bill met with a greater number of deadly encounters against apparently hopeless odds than any other in history. His murder was a most cowardly act, and thousands of friends and admirers of the brave scout mourned the loss of a man who had often been tried and never found wanting; a man sometimes misjudged, but one whose kindness of heart was known to those most intimately acquainted with him. No other westerner of recent years can be named to bear comparison as a daring frontier sheriff, a perfect marksman and ever reliable maintainer of law against all odds, with the possible exception of the late Seth Bullock, friend and companion of Theodore Roosevelt.

The following tribute to Wild Bill appeared not long after his death, in the *New York Clipper*:

UNDER THE SOD

BURIAL OF WILD BILL

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER (JAN. 13, 1877)
AND DEDICATED TO CHARLEY UTTER (COLORADO
CHARLEY), BY CAPT. JACK

[Capt. J. W. Crawford, otherwise "Capt. Jack," is also known west of the Missouri as the Poet-scout of the Black Hills, and last winter his extempore songs and poetic declamations were the life of the mining-camps in that section. As guide to an expedition in search of gold, he was one of the first to explore the Black Hills country, and credited to him are some of the quickest and most daring

rides on record. Last August, in response to a telegram from Buffalo Bill (W. F. Cody), he started on horseback, and alone, to join General Crook, whose command he found in five days, after a ride of five hundred miles through the Big Horn country. On another occasion he carried dispatches for a leading New York newspaper from Owl Creek to Fort Laramie, a distance of over four hundred miles, inside of four days, beating five fresh couriers and getting in five hours ahead of all others. The dispatch cost \$250, and a supplementary dispatch descriptive of Capt. Jack's remarkable ride cost \$150 more, which, with \$500 paid Capt. Jack for his services as courier, made *The Herald's* outlay \$900. These costly dispatches appeared in that paper on Sept. 17, 1876, the day on which Capt. Jack wrote the poem given below, which now appears in print for the first time. After Buffalo Bill left General Merritt's cavalry on the Yellowstone River, Capt. Jack was appointed chief of scouts with that command. At present he is a character-actor with Buffalo Bill's traveling company. Verses from his pen have from time to time appeared in these columns; and accompanying his present contribution is a personal narration that could not possibly be couched in more expressive language than the simple words he himself has chosen: "A word or two of my former history. I am twenty-eight years of age, stand five feet eleven inches high, and weigh 178 pounds. I entered the army in 1863, and at that time could not write my own name. I scouted for General Hartranft, and was wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. While in the Saterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, one of the Sisters of Charity taught me to read and to write (and may she be an angel for it!). After five months spent in the hospital, I returned to the field and was again wounded, this time at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865, after which I was discharged. Since then I have led a wandering life, mostly on the plains. I have written many poems after the style of Bret Harte.

Gen. Custer's death was first put into rhyme by me." James B. Hickox ("Wild Bill"), who was killed at Deadwood, Wy. Ter., on Aug. 2 last, was, we believe, the husband of Mrs. Agnes Lake, widow of the widely-known circus manager William Lake, who was murdered at Granby, Mo., Aug. 21, 1869, by a man whom he had ejected from his show for attempting to see it without paying. The murderer of "Wild Bill" was last week sentenced to be hanged next March.—Ed. Clipper.]

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad, rough throng
And the friends he loved the best;
And many a heartfelt sigh was heard
As over the sward we trod,
And many an eye was filled with tears
As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid the good and true —
An honest heart and a noble scout
Has bade us a last adieu.
No more his silvery voice will ring.
His spirit has gone to God;
Around his faults let Charity cling,
While we cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in the land of gold
We have laid the fearless Bill;
We called him Wild, yet a little child
Could bend his iron will.
With generous heart he freely gave
To the poorly clad, unshod—
Think of it, pards—of his noble traits—
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in Deadwood Gulch
You have laid his last remains;
No more his manly form will hail
The red-man on the plains.
And Charley, may Heaven bless you!
You gave him a "bully good send;"
Bill was a friend to you, pard,
And you were his last, best friend.

You buried him 'neath the old pine-tree,
In that little world of ours,
His trusty rifle by his side—
His grave all strewn with flowers;
His manly form in sweet repose,
That lovely silken hair—
I tell you, pard, it was a sight
That face so white and fair!

And while he sleeps beneath the sod
His murderer goes free,
Released by a perjured, gaming set
Who'd murder you and me—
Whose coward hearts dare never meet
A brave man on the square.
Well, pard, they'll find a warmer clime
Than they ever found out there.

Hell is full of just such men;
And if Bill is above to-day
The Almighty will have enough to do
To keep him from going away—
That is, from making a little scout
To the murderer's home below;
And if old Peter will let him out,
He can clean out the ranch, I know.

About 1870 Ned Buntline returned to Delaware county, New York, and erected near Stamford, the place of his birth, a handsome residence which he christened the "Eagle's Nest," in remembrance of his hermitage of the same name in the Adirondack wilderness. His home in the highlands of the Hudson was erected upon a picturesque hill-side, overlooking many miles of the lovely Delaware valley, and successive ridges of the Catskill range. The residence was built and furnished at an expense of nearly \$25,000, and all the surroundings indicated the culture and sporting proclivities of the owner. A tract of twenty acres close at hand was kept as a game preserve, and his favorite room, the armory or curiosity shop, as he was wont to call it, contained a rare collection of guns, pistols, sabres and other implements of warfare and the chase. His library sanctum, as he remarked, were one, and in this cosy retreat his prolific pen produced the numerous thrilling tales which brought him wider fame and fortune. He was at this period under contract to contribute exclusively to the columns of the *New York Weekly*, and it has been stated that he received from the proprietors, Messrs. Street & Smith, the handsome sum of \$20,000 per year for his productions. Through his thrilling and sensational tales—many of them possessing the merit almost of historical novels of the frontier—"Buffalo Bill" first attained public fame, and his success in later years may be in a great measure traced to this origin, as he was thereby

made the ideal representation of a border scout in the opinion of Young America, and he possessed, fortunately, the sterling qualities that confirmed this impression in his public career—a genuine triumphal tour at home and abroad.

Under Ned Buntline's supervision the mountain streams of Delaware county were liberally stocked with brook trout, and he enjoyed the fishing each season, with a few intimate friends who were ardent lovers of the Waltonian art. In a letter to the writer of this, several years ago, the keen old sportsman gave the following graphic description of the last day's sport of the season:

It has been my habit for years, when no serious hindrance intervened, to spend the last day of the trout season over on the crystal Beaverkill, and the last day of August found me at the famous Tripp cottage, with my cherished Orvis rod, a book of Orvis flies and a big box of genuine grasshoppers, ready to see the season out.

The stream was very low, consequently rather warm and the fishing poor except where cold springs entered the main stream. There it was superb, and knowing the stream as I do from ten years of experience I skipped all places but these very spring-holes, and the consequence was that I came in with a twenty-pound basket full of speckled beauties, mostly of fine size.

Approaching the stream cautiously on the Charley Water's clearing, sheltered from view by a clump of willows, I looked over to the mouth of a cold spring brook running from Robert Seal's farm. In a shallow pool where the ice-cold water from the spring ran in I counted ten trout that would average from ten to twelve inches long and in weight strike a half pound apiece. There they lay, their dorsal fins quiv-

ering with pleasure, in the cool shade, unconscious of danger. I changed a much worn leader for a fresh one, took a single black gnat from my book, shortened my line for a clean lift out, and then, all unseen through the leafy screen, lightly dropped an invitation to the lowest trout in the pool. The fly hardly touched water ere it was sprung for, taken, and *Mr. Salmo Fontinalis* literally *lifted* out by the tough bamboo, without noise or trouble enough to startle the rest of the little "school." Number one deftly secured and basketed, I tried the same game with numbers two, three and four successfully. But the fifth was a little more gamey, or else success had made me careless; and, only half-hooked, he tore away and made the water fly with his wild antics, startling his brethren into other waters and shutting off my rash intention of "cleaning out" the pool.

You cannot, with every six-ounce bamboo rod, *lift* out a half pound trout; in fact, I never had one before that was pliant enough for a seventy-foot cast, that would bear such a strain; but I believe I have as good a rod as ever fell to an angler's lot. With the tip touching the reel plate, I have proved it, holding a three-pounder in a swift current, away from roots and snags, till I tired and drowned him out.

To me there are two glorious times in the trout season. The *first* is in the early Spring, when the streams are full and rapid, when the trout seem wild and fresh from a long Winter's rest, and like nature herself, full of beauty, strength and *vim*!

The *second* is the last of the season, when the largest trout emerge from their hiding places under dark ledges, mossy banks and deep, well sheltered pools, to seek the sandy spawning beds far up the stream, where they can carry out the procreative laws which prevent our brooks, lakes and rivers from utter depletion, fished as they are, literally "to death." But friend Wildwood, I fear I am spinning too long a yarn for the limited space accorded in your journal to piscatorial lore.

Ere I close let me join the general "boom" in congratulations that you have come *Eastward for light*, found it, and are content to give your facile pen play in a field which I trust will add both to your fame and fortune.

In another communication, at a later date, Ned Buntline alluded to the wild sports of the wilderness in northern New York, and closed with a humorous description of the last bear of the Western Catskill range, thus:

LAST BEAR IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

Until within a very few years, bears have been often seen in the Catskill Mountains near the two heads of the Delaware River, every Fall, when berries were ripe, and corn in the milk. And occasionally they lost their pelts, for we have some hunters of the old stock left.

But they are rare visitors now. About Thanksgiving we had a light fall of snow, barely enough to make an excuse to start sleighs to running.

One crisp morning about that time, young Will Papino, living two miles east of Stamford, and directly under the steepest part of Old Bear Mountain, now misnamed Utsay-anto, came tearing into town to tell the sportsmen that a huge black bear was playing and tumbling about in the snow near the foot of the mountain, just above his father's house.

Jerusalem! Such a hurry and a scurry you never saw among the shooters of the town. I had the sciatica and could not go, so Dell Warner, one of our best shots, got my 45-calibre Sharps rifle and jumped into his cutter with Billy Ives for driver. Billy carried a tremendous old Queen Anne, with 24 No. 1 buckshot to the load.

Erskine Seeley, a keen sportsman and the owner of the best dog in the county, doubled in with Aruna Maynard,

and a Mr. Green mated with Harvey Wood, another of our noted shots, and away they started after Bruin.

There was not much time lost getting there, and sure enough when the party got to Papino's up the hill nearly half a mile, near an old hay barn, the monster was seen.

The shotgun men were not quite so anxious to close up when they saw the huge black beast slowly walking about near the edge of the woods; it was debated whether shot-guns were just the thing for bear hunting. This gave Dell Warner the start. He shouldered the Sharp, and, backed by the valiant Ives, started up the hill.

He got within about four hundred yards, set his sight for the distance, and as the bear had stopped playing and seemed to watch the party, knelt down, took deliberate aim, and, to use his own classic language, "let sliver!"

The bullet struck the snow just under Bruin's nose, and must have knocked his eyes full, for he wheeled around and around as if pretty mad.

Without rising, Warner coolly put in another .45-100 cartridge, and allowing for windage, let drive again. This time Bruin got it hot, and as all the sportsmen were on the run up the hill to join Warner, yelling at every jump, the bear limped off toward the woods, turning once in a while as if it thought of fighting it out instead of retreating.

"Don't let him get away, Dell!" shouted Seeley.

"No, for goodness' sake, no!" cried Maynard.

"Not if Ned's rifle is worth a snap!" said Dell, and he got a rest over the shoulder of Billy Ives, and as the bear mounted a shelving rock he fired his last and fatal shot.

The bear rolled over and over down the rock, and when it reached the bottom it was still.

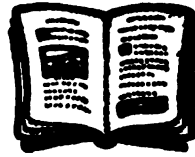
Just then an old settler, Carlos Van Housen, who was wood chopping on the mountain, came tearing down through the woods with his ax on his shoulder and fire in his eye.

He got to the bear just as Warner and the rest came up, and his voice could have been heard a mile when he yelled:

"What in *shoe!* have you been shooting my Newfoundland dog for?"

Dell stood like one suddenly struck with lightning. He looked sadly down at his prize and asked the old settler if its life was *insured*—if it was not, he would pay for it.

And that is the last bear seen in our range.



CHAPTER, EIGHT

LATER YEARS— PERSONAL REMINISCENCES



IN 1871 Colonel Judson married an attractive and amiable young lady, Miss Anna Fuller, of Stamford, and the picturesque mountain eyrie, the Eagle's Nest, was transformed from a hermitage to a happy home. The novelist was, if possible, more active than ever before in his literary labors, and under various signatures supplied a vast amount of highly sensational fiction to the publications of Messrs. Street & Smith. His stirring tales of frontier life and adventure at sea proved to be not only a mine of wealth for himself, but one of the greatest attractions of the *New York Weekly* as well, and the enterprising publishers, as before mentioned, gave him a most munificent salary to contribute exclusively to their periodicals.

His love of out-door sports did not diminish with the burden of years, and infirmities wrought by shot and shell. Referring to his home and surroundings many years ago in a letter to the writer of these

fragmentary memoirs, Ned Buntline remarked: "This is not much of a game region. We have a few woodcock, plenty of ruffed grouse, squirrels and pigeons, and brook trout. I usually go forty to one hundred and fifty miles for my trout and venison in season. It is a high, cold region here—settled long ago. My ancestors came here immediately after the Revolution of 1776. I think I sent you a picture of Eagle's Nest. It is beautifully located, and was designed by myself; a conservatory in one wing and a library of the same size forms the other wing. My library contains my books as well as all my hunting and fishing gear, with portraits of friends, etc., etc. I have a good library and take my winter's comfort there. In summer the woods and streams are my haunts almost constantly. Should you come East don't fail to visit me, and I will take you where trout congregate and red deer roam free."

In a subsequent letter he writes: "Long continued sickness, killing all love for the pen, must be my only excuse for not answering you before. A wound received in June, '63, the bullet still remaining under the spinal column in a place almost or quite impossible to extract, causes me fearful suffering from sciatica. . . . The winter here has been simply terrible, the thermometer below zero all the time, snow on the level three feet, and in drifts twenty feet deep often. How do you like the picture? God helping me, 'tis my last winter in the North."

The following autumn Ned Buntline put into effect his proposed plan to go South for the winter, and with characteristic love of out-door life, made the trip in his easy carriage, accompanied by his wife. While en route he was compelled to stop several days at Gettysburg, Pa., and wrote as follows from the historic old battle ground: "We are detained here by a continuous rain storm of five days, and I have been able to send for and get the *Turf, Field and Farm* with your kind biographical sketch. I find it in the main correct, only too flattering when speaking of my talents. . . . In consequence of severe suffering from old wounds, especially in cold weather, I shall spend the fall and winter in a Southern hunting trip, driving my own team, and following along the base of the Alleghenies and Blue Ridge through Southern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina into Georgia. I propose to hunt going and fish the trout streams as I return toward Eagle's Nest in the spring. I wish you were along. I expect a grand old time among the deer, bear and turkeys."

It may be interesting to know that Mrs. Judson, a keen devotee of angling and out-door recreation, enjoyed the novelty and healthful character of the trip quite as fully as her husband, and in favorable weather could vie with him in fishing for trout and bass. Upon arriving in the Old Dominion, about the holiday season, Colonel Judson wrote as follows from Warrenton, Va., under date of December

27: "Delightful society, fair hunting for quail and turkey, with fine weather, has kept me here yet. Next week I shall prospect the Blue Ridge and Upper Rappahannock. I have not met any of the old-time sportsmen yet, but may before I get through my trip. I got a twenty-pound wild turkey this morning. Wish you had him for dinner. No news down this way, only a Virginia Christmas is the liveliest fun you ever saw."

On a subsequent trip to the Sunny South the gallant old sportsman prepared a series of brief letters for publication in one of the leading sporting journals, to which he contributed frequently as a labor of love. The following extracts are given to illustrate his keen delight in the sports of the field. The letters were written from Warrenton, Virginia:

On the 15th of October our season opens on grouse, quail and wild turkey. They are unusually plenty—the game laws and those of trespass being very closely observed. Fine sport will be had in the fields I am confident, and I will keep you posted thereon.

Fox hunting, with a noble pack of hounds, is indulged in three times a week by a gallant coterie of brave cavaliers, and many fair ladies join in the dashing sport.

Major Holman, on his famous leaper Talisman, generally leads the way, while Charles Payne, the banker, a nephew of our genial friend, "Nicholas Spicer," is never far behind; that is, unless he is delayed to let down a fence for some obese party who is unused to taking five bars on the fly, as he often does.

Young James Maddux has a good hunter under him, and only gives in to the gallant major in keeping up to the hounds.

As soon as I get fairly settled to my work I hope to give you a detailed account of some of the "meets" in this vicinity

I made a big drive from Eagle's Nest to this place with my *Hambletonia* team—not *Amazonian* horses, as the *Washington Post* called them.

I drove 710 miles in nine days and a half in a light buck-board hunting wagon, and brought my team in good condition to continue the journey had I so desired.

I send you a record of opening day, Oct. 15, near this place.

James K. Maddux, of the Warren Green Hotel, twenty quail and one rabbit; Major Holman and friend, nineteen birds—the thirty-nine birds being all killed from one cover, within a short drive from the city. Mr. Jeffries, a rising young farmer of this place, killed five wild turkeys, and Dr. Lacey, of New York, got two more out of the same flock.

As these gentlemen merely wished to initiate the open season they did not seek to make as large bags as they could have done.

There were other sportsmen out, but they went beyond my immediate outlook, and I do not yet know the result of their shooting.

Gave is very plentiful here, for it has been protected.

Have just received a delightful letter from dear old "Nick Spicer"—Alban S. Payne—from his mountain home in the Blue Ridge, thirty miles away. He met with an accident some time since, which injured his true right hand so he could not write, but he tells me he will soon resume his "*spicy*" sketches. God grant him long life and a bright sunset with his loved ones ever near to cheer the descent to the golden shore.

Since my last note to you the fox hunting coterie have made four gallant runs, killing two gray foxes and a red

one and running a fourth to earth after a long and exciting chase.

The hunters have been busy after birds and have met with fair success. "Alic," from Washington, paid us a visit, being a guest at the hospitable home of Charlie Ross. As quail, turkey and grouse abound on Rossmere, he lived gloriously, I am sure.

Three Philadelphia gentlemen spent a week in the vicinity very pleasantly, making the Warren Green their headquarters. Their hind-quarters, like Pope's, were in the saddle every day, as they rode out to seek fur and feather.

The shooting will be far better if we can only get a frost or two to kill the weeds, which have grown rank and thick with so much rain.

The fox hunters will enjoy the crisp air also and scent will lie all the better when the sun rises on frosted fields. C. E. F. Payne, the Master Huntsman, is receiving many letters from lovers of good hounds and those who enjoy the daring rides the hunters take. Though a very busy man in his bank, he rises before dawn and covers many a mile of copse and forest and field before the opening hour arrives.

The letter from the noble Colonel of the "Old Guard," the veteran Skinner, roused a thousand pleasant recollections in the mind of "yours truly." A week ago last Friday, the coolest day we have yet had in Virginia this year, I drove fifty miles to enjoy a visit with genial, true-hearted "Nick Spicer," Dr. Alban S. Payne. I found him at his delightful home near Markham, in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, surrounded by his good wife and well-loved and lovely daughters, enjoying the comforts of a generous home, but not in as robust health as when last we met. The accident I alluded to in my last letter yet troubled him and makes writing painful and laborious. Yet he says he will soon resume his pen for the sake of us "old-time men" who love him so well. The warmth of my welcome at Crystal Water

Hall made me forget the chill air and the long rough ride, while in the presence of the man who struck Billy Patterson, listening to the music of his accomplished daughters, I felt it was a sin to think of growing old.

To Colonel Skinner, of whom we talked so much that day, I would say: I will, if health and engagements permit, fulfill his advice in regard to the Daniel and Asshely hunts. The old Colonel has many very warm friends here who always ask after him when we meet. Since frost came birds are easier got at, therefore they appear more plenty.

Mr. Charles Payne, the popular banker, still keeps up his pack of hounds, and hunts them boldly and frequently and with good success. Well mounted, a rather light weight, he generally leads the field. Young Mr. De Lancey, from New York, is never absent at the death; he is a very fine rider, and has a fast hunter and fine jumper. James K. Maddux rides with the boldest, and with the gun has no superior, in fact no equal in this section.

With my gun, a Colt choke bore, 12 gauge, 7½ pounds, he missed but one quail in twenty shots, in thick brush, which is far ahead of my best work with the same gun.

I am invited to a deer and turkey hunt on the Lower Rappahannock next week, and as Major Dowerman and Mr. Yates are to be in the party, *some* game will have to suffer, "*for sure.*"

With the exception of one cold snap last week, the weather has been delightful, real nice weather for an old man's enjoyment.

Wild turkey, quail, pheasant and rabbit are found on the table of the Warren Green very frequently, and mine host Maddux welcomes his guests in true "Old Dominion" style.

The sporting sketches from Ned Buntline's pen form an attractive feature of his literary work. A!

though written hastily and spontaneously, they are filled with the spirit of enthusiasm so characteristic of the author. Leon Mead, an intimate friend of the novelist, says of his life work as represented in his voluminous writings: "Ned Buntline accomplished more literary work than Walter Scott and Dickens put together. In book form his serial stories, which he has been almost incessantly penning for over fifty years, would amount perhaps to more than two hundred volumes. It is presumable that much which he wrote he did not very highly prize for intrinsic merit, just as Whittier, the poet, wishes that he had never published his first little volume of verses. But Buntline's tales stand by themselves as a distinct class of literature. They cannot be compared with the so-called refined novel, except perhaps upon points of style. It is certain that his methods of work were inspirational, else how could he have weaved his thrilling plots as he wrote, without previous deliberation. What Goethe says about literary style is essentially true; 'style is the man himself.'

"His experience, both military and secular, doubtless caused him to continue in the peculiar field of fiction which he originated and in which he was unsurpassed. Upon one occasion when the writer was paying him a visit at his elegant home, which he called Eagle's Nest, in the Catskills, he said: 'I might have paved for myself a far different career in letters, but my early lot was cast among rough

men on the border; they became my comrades, and when I made my name as a teller of stories about Indians, pirates and scouts, it seemed too late to begin over again. And besides, I made more money than any Bohemian in New York or Boston. I did try writing temperance tracts once for a religious society, but they were altogether too frugal about the compensation, and so I turned over the job to a needy friend, and resumed the spinning of yarns.'

"This illustrates the fact the Buntline was not without business insight, and a literary man in these times cannot creep into a shell of ideality without coming, sooner or later, to want.

"Colonel Judson was eccentric in his mode of life, and his career in itself was quite as romantic as anything he ever penned. His exploits on the plains developed in him a reckless daring and the possession of this quality infused strength into the vividness of his heroic characters as he described them. He seems never to have been afraid of man or beast, and the many places of imminent danger in which he frequently found himself afforded him chances to play the coward had he been one by nature."

CHAPTER, NINE

NED BUNTLINE AS AN ANGLER AND ANGLING WRITER



F all outdoor sports, Ned Buntline loved best the time honored art of angling, as indicated clearly in his writings. He was fond of the wilder sports of the wilderness and the plains, but there was a fascination in angling—especially in trout fishing—that appealed to him more irresistibly than any other open air recreation. His entertaining contributions to the sportsmen's periodicals would fill a volume of absorbing interest, and it is worthy of note that the greater portion of these sketches, written literally as a labor of love, are on the subject of fishing with rod and line, and the angling companions with whom he enjoyed the sport. A few of these pleasing tales of trouting and of his fishing associates are given to throw a side light on the man of dynamo energy and action, whose chosen pastime was the quiet, contemplative art made classic by good old Izaak Walton:

FEMALE AGLERS

It must not be arrogated by man that he is sole lord of the Piscatorial Domain. I have a better-half who can handle her six-ounce fly-rod right skillfully; who has camped with me on the banks of more than one bright trout stream and gently, deftly drawn her share of the speckled beauties from their native element to the shore.

I remember well, some ten years ago, a Mrs. Pollard, of Jersey City, who in a neat bathing suit took the lead over some of our best fly-fishermen wading in the Beaverkill, and who always took at least two to his one when her husband tried to beat her in the catch. She was graceful, skillful, and, unlike too many of the sterner sex, not a bit given to boasting.

Female anglers are gaining ground every year, as any one who reads can see for himself. In the salmon waters of Canada, England's fairest Princess made a grand name this year for her skill and success. At this moment I hold a letter written to my wife by one of the fairest married belles of Washington, Mrs. Mattie W., telling of the joy she had experienced with her husband, father, and a select party of ladies and gentlemen from the Old Dominion, while on a fishing tour on the lovely Shenandoah.

"I caught," said she, "and saved, after a tussel of an hour—more or less—a four-pound bass. Oh! how he pulled—worse than a mule speeding home at feeding time. But I held on even after he had run out all the line—one hundred and fifty feet—on my reel, and before I was quite tired out, I pulled him ashore, and sat right down on him, I was so afraid he'd take a fresh start and get away again."

Just fancy that queenly form, which I have watched in many a glorious waltz, seated on a four-pound bass for a throne, while she shouted in glee:

"Harry! Harry! run here—run fast, for I've got the

King of the Waters in the tightest pen he ever knew!
Come and help me save him."

And well might our fair friend rejoice over such a capture. A few months ago she and her happy mate made their bridal trip to the Eagle's Nest, and I am glad to know that to many other accomplishments she has added that of angling. Healthful, noble, and gentle, it will hurt no one to seek color, life and joy in the wilderness and by the side of bright waters. It is "big medicine," as an old Pawnee chief said to me, when I pulled a fifty pound catfish ashore for him near Grand Island once on a raw-silk fly-line, with a trout reel and ten ounce rod. I used a bit of sage hen for a bait that time. I thought it was "big medicine" myself when he shoved about half of it into an iron pot with some venison, bear fat and hardtack that he had got from the Post near by. But I was hungry and went into the mess cheerfully when it was brought into the tepee.

But, Lord love me, how I have run on. What I want to see now in the *American Angler*, is some live, spirited, true sketches from some of our Female Anglers. There are plenty of them—so come on, ladies, and blest be who first cries, "Hold, enough!" 'Twill ne'er be me—bet your back hair on that.

NED BUNTLIN.

Eagle's Nest, Oct. 31, 1881.

SETH GREEN ON THE STREAM

In 1857, I was fishing on the lower rapids, between Lake Utawana and Marion River, which carries the overflow of the three Blue Mountain Lakes toward Raquette. It was early—too early for the fly—but I was there with a tin box full of white grubs, chopped out of rotten logs and thawed into life in the genial sun of a frosty May morning. I got

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SETH GREEN
FAMOUS ANGLER AND FISH CULTURIST

a strike about once in two or three minutes on an average, and seldom less than a two-pounder took the Limerick. I had been in the ice-cold water an hour, had a fifteen pound basket full, and a string hanging to my belt with near as many more on it. I had, I thought, enough to go to my cabin on Eagle Lake with.

Just then I heard a sharp "hallo," and looking over toward the "carry" I saw Bill Wood—since killed in the war of 1861—carrying his boat over, followed by a thick-set man about my own size, but looking near a century older, with his bushy grey beard and hair, and I walked out to join them, for my own boat lay at the upper end of the carry.

"Got any?" said the stranger curtly, before Bill had a chance to say who he was.

"Some; more than I can eat for supper, I reckon," was my reply.

"Yes; pretty fair for this time o' year," said the stranger, looking at the basket and string carelessly.

I was nettled at "pretty fair" only, and yet I had near thirty pounds of trout, caught within less than an hour.

"Pretty fair. Can you do better?"

"Yes; Bill set down your boat. I'll show this youngster how to lure the big 'uns."

That was all he said, and he took my rod, that I had not yet unjointed, put on a double leader of his own and a single hook at the end of it. I had been using two. Wading into the water just as he was, without rubbers, he cut the red belly fin from one of the best trout and put it on his hook. Casting over into the swiftest water of the rift he drew the line rapidly up stream and we could see the red fin leap every now and then clear of the white water.

A second more and the largest trout I had ever seen in those waters struck and was fairly hooked. My rod, bought of Conroy as imported lancewood, bent nearly double, and then I saw the prettiest display of science I had then ever

seen. The trout, first up, then down stream, here, there, and everywhere, always on a strain, struggled nobly for life and freedom. But he had a master at the right end of the rod, and in about ten minutes a trout weighing, when we got home, five pounds lacking one ounce, was secured.

"Shall I keep on, or will this do as a specimen?" asked the stranger.

"This will do. I couldn't have saved him," I said. "And now, have the kindness to tell me who you are?"

"Me? Oh, I'm only Seth Green."

Only Seth Green! I had heard genial, gifted, skilful George Dawson, of the *Albany Journal*, talk of him. General F. E. Spinner, then I think in Congress, told me of him—said he was the best fly fisherman in America. I grasped his broad, honest hand, looked into his clear eye, and a love went out for him then, which in all the years since has never changed.

Good old Seth Green! He has been old Seth for fifty years, yet he is younger, sturdier in frame and in heart than are two-thirds of the youngsters who talk fishing and ply the rod when they can do it easily in waters reached by rail and stocked for the benefit of lazy boys.

God bless old Seth Green! He has done more for fish culture and fish information than all the rest of us scribblers on the theme in the country. Long may his hand be steady, his eye clear and his heart warm in the art he loves so well. His name is sacred to all who know him truly, and what he says about fish or fishing may be depended on faithfully.

NED BUNTLIN.

New York, Feb. 14th, 1882.

WHERE TO FISH FOR TROUT

Yearly, Uncle Sam receives much financial benefit in the postage line through letters directed to me, mainly by stran-

gers, asking where I fish or where they can go to fish successfully, with the least trouble and at the least expense.

Not to rob Uncle Samuel, but to obviate some of this trouble, I pen this article.

To men ready to rough it and go out of the regular route of tourists—men who can tramp through the woods and over the mountains, there are lakes and streams yet in the "North Woods" of Hamilton, Essex and St. Lawrence counties, New York, which are seldom fished at all, being hard to get at. The easily accessible lakes and streams are literally fished out. I can find as good fishing as they afford within forty miles of New York City, in little brooks never thought of by anglers; which run through farms into the Croton Lake, and elsewhere near at hand.

To get at such streams as I first named write to Chauncey Hathorne or Charlie Bennett at Raquette Lake Hamilton county, or to Lon Wood, at the same place, and you will find guides who know just where to take you. I may strike those waters this spring—if health and other things "jibe."

My favorite stream for the past ten years has been the crystal Beaverkill, in Ulster county, New York. It is clean, contains trout *only*—not a chub or eel in its upper waters; is full of falls, riffes, and deep eddies, and a man who knows how to fish and what to use at all proper seasons, can fill a twenty-pound basket any day, by working faithfully. He'll have to work, though, and the lighter his rod the less his arm will ache at night. I use an Orvis rig out and out—the best I can find anywhere. My rod, a split bamboo, is seven ounces, my leaders invisible mist, and looped for the flies, making changes easy and I carry his patent folding-net to land large trout with.

To reach the Beaverkill, from New York, take the Hudson River road to Rhinebeck, cross there to Rondout, and go up the Delaware & Ulster to Margaretville, where Jerry Ackerly will receive you at the best hotel in Delaware

county. Thence, Jack Scudder will speed you over the hills to the Beaverkill, where, at Tripps, Jones, Brothers, Leals or Weaver's, you will find as good accommodation as any true angler need desire, and fair sport.

Whenever I am in, the starry flag of freedom flies from the staff at Tripp's. That has been my headquarters for years, but either of the other places named are good. Below, Mrs. Murdock keeps a splendid house, and there are many others whose names I forget, who will "take a stranger in" if they get a chance.

Philadelphians will yet find trout and rattlesnakes up the Lycoming Valley—especially about Trout Run, Red Run, and at Ralston. And on the Erie Railroad, at Narrowsburg, Sullivan county, New York, at the famous Murray hostelry, you will have fine trout and black bass fishing, pointed out close at hand. You will live well and do well. Ask Rockwell. If you wish to fish to music, where rattlers are almost as plenty as pretty girls, stop off at Mast Hope, just below, for a day or two.

This is a brief mention of places with which I am familiar, that are easily reached. I will, in another number, point out some more, not so handy, but yet accessible and good when you get there.

NED BUNTLINE.

(NOTE.—It should be borne in mind that the foregoing graphic lines were cast from "Ned Buntline's" prolific pen nearly thirty years ago, and other conditions prevail at the present time. The old-time guides have gone to their final rest, and the famous hostelries of other days have, for the most part, given way to larger if not more congenial summer resort hotels. Palatial "camps" are now to be found in the once remote places of the Adirondacks, and angling *de luxe* is the order of the day with the millionaire fly-casters.—F. E. P.)

NOTES FROM THE NORTH WOODS

Your old correspondent and good old-time angler, "A. N. C.," who fishes with an Orvis rod, as doth yours truly, carries me back to very happy memories in his "Then and

Now." We have fished in the same waters and I know every guide and some rather slimpsy ones that were there from 1856 to 1861, when I left the North Woods for harder game to deal with than wolves or panthers.

Yes, I knew Dick Birch—a better guide, hunter and fisherman did not roam the woods or paddle lake and stream. I knew all the Bennett boys, the Woods'—almost all were in my employment at one time or another.

I was right about "Tallow Lake." I changed the name to Eagle Lake. I was the first settler in there and ought to know. Ordway and Phelps had a small clearing, with a log hut and a log hay barn on it, that I bought. No one ever wintered there before me.

As to Alvah Dunning—God help the poor old fellow—I would not hurt a grey hair on his head, if there are any hairs left. He used to annoy me, as he had annoyed others, and I quietly let him know that there was a law of self-defense, that ruled even in the wilderness.

A. N. C. is probably aware that I named Eagle and Utawanna Lakes. Utawanna, in the Indian tongue, means "Sunny Water."

I hope to go there this summer to see Chauncey Hathorn, Edward and Charlie Bennett, the Woods', good old Sabatis, and all the rest of the boys, and *girls*, too. And I'll fish for trout, and I'll get them in Minnie Pond or somewhere else, you bet. If not I'll go hungry.

I don't sing *bass*.

The largest salmon I ever caught, I got on a trolling line off the mouth of Minnie Brook in the upper part of Blue Mountain Lake, west side—just inside the end of Long Island, as we called it then. It weighed twenty-four pounds nine ounces. S. Bennett, from the Fourteenth township, rowed my boat. This was in 1858; I think in July. Poor Si went down for the old flag, I heard. Well, a good many more brave boys took the same chances and went the same road. Brave Bill Wood was one of them.

When I go in I shall take Glens Falls in my route, and maybe A. N. C. will join me. We'll carry in to Alvah a "drop o' comfort" and tell him to take care of his own traps and his own boats, and prepare for a final rest in the happy hunting grounds.

NED BUNTLINE.

Eagle's Nest, Del. Co., N. Y., March 28, 1882.

FISHING UP STREAM

My Watsontown friend, "J. R. H.," who likes falling down up stream, and who remembers how I handled the ribbons over a tamden team in 1856, keeps me in kindly remembrance, I see. Well, it is all right, my dear boy—there is no accounting for taste, as the milk-maid said when she saw a man kiss a cow. You fish up stream and I'll fish down, and we'll both be contented with our catch. I am getting old and lazy and carry all the lead I ever use in fishing, in a game leg of mine, which I didn't have when you saw me first, and I can get down stream easier than I can go up. If possible I will try some of your streams next summer, J. R. H., especially if you'll save one big, wild trout for me to "come down stream" on.

I don't know until I see the water and have the day what I'll fish with—but I'll chuck something that the big trout will like. Bet your corkscrew on that. And should you incline to the lovely Beaverkill I will lead you a pleasant minuet along its wooded shores. A note to the *American Angler* office will reach me wherever I may be wandering. And with a God bless you and all who love to go a-fishing, *au revoir!*

NED BUNTLINE.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE AND NED BUNTLINE

My thanks to Ned Buntline for his reply to my query about the size of trout in Blue Mountain Lake. I knew that he named the lakes around his forest home. . . .

Ned's christenings are still retained as well as vivid remembrance of his skill with rifle and revolver. In fact, the tales told are marvelous.

He used to ride one of his Indian ponies, on a run, toward a bottle, suspended from a limb of a tree by a string, and firing from the saddle, break the bottle. Now you will be told that he would cut the string every time with pistol or rifle ball, while his pony was running and the bottle swinging. More than once I have seen him, on his occasional visits to this place for supplies, making his purchases from his horse's back, riding into the various stores, and dismounting only when he had ridden up the hotel steps and day Ned entertained at dinner Commodore Gansevoort and his brother, Lieut. Gansevoort, U. S. N. As they stood together, about the same size, "bearded like the pard," they formed a striking trio. An old fellow remarked, "There's three of the handiest men with weapons that ever struck Northern New York. Many and strange were the tales told of Ned Buntline in the days before the war, and one always causes me to smile.

When he bought "Eagle's Nest" there were two large stacks of swamp hay on the place. Soon after came the news that he had burned it because he did not want his shooting box to look like a farmer's barnyard. Near where I sit hangs a souvenir of Eagle's Lake. It is a single-bladed paddle, presented to me by the whole-souled Mike McGuire, one of the best of guides. It is made from a black ash cut within sight of Ned's old home on the Eagle, and looks fit only for fairy hands to wield, but Mike said I could feel sure it would not fail, and so it proved when tested.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

A. N. C.

NOTE—Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, whose interesting sketches in the various sportsmen's journals were usually signed "A. N. C.," was one of the most practical writers of his time on angling and fish culture. He is remembered and his memory cherished as a thorough sportsman, and an able writer.—F. E. P.

CHAPTER TEN

NED BUNTLINE AS A WRITER OF VERSE



COLONEL JUDSON'S love of the woods and waters, his admiration for the ever-varying charms of Nature, his impassioned eloquence in speech and fervor in writing, all denote the poetic cast of the eccentric novelist. Few perhaps, even among his admirers, are familiar with his glowing stanzas—grave and gay, serious and sentimental—for it must be confessed that they were for the most part, merely the "unconsidered trifles" in the avalanche of literary work which he poured forth with amazing vigor and versatility. With poetic gifts of a high order, he chose, and no doubt wisely, to subordinate these and give his wayward fancy free rein in a direction that assured him greater fortune, though possibly less exalted fame.

Of his poems it may be said, "They have been too ephemeral to stamp themselves deeply into the public attention; and thus, as so many feathers of fancy, have been blown aloft only to be whistled down the

wind." A few of these, however, have been treasured as charming gems of verse, notably his stirring lines descriptive of "The Eagle's Nest," and the exquisite little poem, "The Hills of Delaware," published in former chapters of the present serial.

Ned Buntline was a man of strong passions, as variable in mood as the æolian harp in its tone, and he embodied the very spirit of poetic sentiment. He preferred the solitude of the wilderness to the social forms of the cities, and, as he often said with enthusiasm, found more peace, happiness and unalloyed pleasure in the haunts of bird and beast than in the midst of the surging tide of humanity. He found inspiration, like the pastoral poets of olden times, "in the twinkling of half-hidden brooks, in the gleaming of silver rivers, in the blue distance of mountains, in the repose of sequestered lakes; in the song of birds, in the sighing of the night-wind, in the fresh breath of the woods, in the perfume of the hyacinth, in the suggestive odor that comes to him, at eventide, from far distant undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored."

During the early years of Ned Buntline's stirring career the stern realities of life occupied his attention, to the exclusion of poetical fancies, but when he finally found rest and peace at his home in the Hudson highlands, his mercurial spirit often found solace in spontaneous rhymes as varied as the lights and shadows that surrounded him. The lines en-

titled "March Born" may be given as characteristic of his serious moods:

Born when tempests wild were raging
O'er the earth, athwart the sky,
When mad spirits seemed as waging
Battle fierce for mast'ry;
Born when thunder loudly booming
Shook the roof above my head—
When red lightning lit the glooming
Which o'er land and sea was spread.

Life since then a constant battle,
Foes ahead and foes behind—
Like a skirmish line, the rattle
Sweeping up on every wind—
Clouds and shadows ever rapping
All the paths my feet before—
Spent my soul with eager mapping
Plans that vanish evermore!

Age is coming swift upon me,
Comes no rest with all these years—
Love, though truly it hath won me,
Lessens not my many cares—
Only when my Maker calleth
Can I lay my burden down,
Then, as in the forest falleth
Stricken oak, my work is done!

In 1881 Colonel Judson's home was darkened by the death of little Irene, a bright and beautiful child, the idol of her parents. The pathetic lines published in the *Stamford Mirror*, under the title of "Our Lost Irene," indicates the deep grief and desolation of the novelist:

The long days come, the long days go,
The silent, dreary nights as well—
They bring no solace for our woe,
No words of comfort to us tell.
The light which once upon us shone,
The music which so sweetly fell,
Is gone—alas! forever gone—
We only know her parting knell.

Oh, gloomy day!—Oh, starless night!
If we could only, only dream!
In fancy see one ray of light—
Of faded joys feel but a gleam—
Could hear the patter of the feet
That to and fro swift used to go,
We'd bow our heads, the shadow greet,
And kiss the Hand that dealt the blow.

All, all is still but throbbing heart—
Still, dark and oh how desolate!
Chide us not that the hot tears start,
And choking sobs our loss relate!
Alone!—our worshipped angel gone
To kindred angels up above—
Alone—alone—we weep and moan
For *thee* IRENE, our precious love!

Eagle's Nest, March, 1881.

The naturally cheerful and convivial character of the author finds expression in several entertaining bits of verse, illustrating his love of out-door sports and of hearty good-fellowship. The stanzas, "At Home," are of this nature:

When the crisp north wind is blowing
From the regions of the pole;
When the squirrels cute are stowing
Nuts within their nesting hole;
When the song birds have deserted
All the thickets on the hill;
When dead leaf from branch is parted,
And the ice-lock chains the rill:

Then it is, in sanctum seated,
With our rods and guns in sight;
Joys of Summer are repeated
By the voice of Mem'ry bright:
Then it is, with comrades cheery,
Hours with pleasure's woof are wrought;
And true hearts, which else were weary,
Are to fond communion brought:

Then we tell our woodland stories:
How we fished and where we shot;
Revel in a sportsman's glories,
Which we know are ne'er forgot!
Catch again the speckled beauty,
Giant of his native stream;
Drink to man and manhood's duty,
And of loved ones think and dream.

On rare occasions Ned Buntline indulged in an amusing burlesque or witticism, and his sense of humor on festive occasions, his ready wit and the ease with which he could prepare impromptu verse, made him a most delightful companion at club gatherings and banquets. An admirable little hit perpetrated on the occasion of a feast upon an ancient

fowl is given herewith. It is entitled "A Washington's Birthday Dinner":

They slew a gobbler, grim and old,
That never told a lie;
They used a *hatchet*; fierce and bold
They saw that gobbler die.
They boiled it long, they boiled it hard,
Then baked the "critter" down.
Four hours they cooked—believe your bard—
To do that turkey brown.

With oysters fresh from Dorlon's stand
They stuffed the ancient fowl;
With butter sweet from Elgin's land
They basted that old owl.
'Twas garnished well with parsley shred,
And backed with viands rare;
But we who "*chawed*" some tear drops shed,
While others loud did swear.

They said on far-off Aarat
Old Noah dumped that bird,
And *all this time* it took to fat—
Perhaps the grumblers erred;
But this we know, the toughest course
We e'er had tried to masticate
With jaws once used to *mule* or worse
Was left upon our dinner plate.

Ned buntline's hours of relaxation at his country home were characteristic of the man. As before stated, the sports of the field claimed the greater portion of his leisure days, but a careful supervi-

sion of the grounds, the blooded stock, and all the belongings of his beautiful home, the "Eagle's Nest," formed a never ceasing source of pleasure to him. At sunrise every morning it was his custom to call his little son with the cheery words: "Come, Eddie, it is time to raise the flag," and catching the spirit of patriotism the lad would gleefully assist in running up the stars and stripes to the top of the tall flag-staff on the lawn, where it might be seen, in fine weather, for a distance of fifty miles up and down the Delaware valley. Then the old veteran would usually give the lad a short drill in the manual of arms, and, after a morning drive along the mountain roads, take up his round of literary work for the day.



CHAPTER, ELEVEN

CLOSING YEARS OF A REMARKABLE CAREER



HOME and country were equally revered by Colonel Judson. His early youth and years of mature manhood were devoted largely to his country's service, and as a partial recompense for the sacrifice so freely made upon the altar of patriotism, it was fitting that a happy home should be his in later years. He often expressed the desire that the evening of his life might be as peaceful as its early morning and meridian had been tumultuous, and the wish was well fulfilled.

A press reporter who visited the Eagle's Nest in 1885, says of the home life of the novelist: "I found him pleasantly surrounded, much as I had been told. He is now sixty-three years old, and a young son, four years old, is the light of the house. He is probably destined for the army, for I had not been in the library ten minutes when the Colonel was putting him through the manual of arms, with wood-

en sword and toy gun. The youngster has more playthings than any other boy in the state, and many of them are suggestive of mimic battle. 'I mean that his childhood shall be happy,' said the Colonel, fondly regarding him, 'as mine was not. I get for him all the toys any boy needs. During my childhood I never had a kite or a ball, a trumpet or a marble. I never knew how to play. He has a trumpet and a tremendous drum and a banjo, and this house is musical, for besides these we have a violin, and two guitars, a tambourine, organette, xylophone and piano. And I mean to bring Eddy up with an affection for the old flag. Every morning he helps me raise a twenty-foot flag on that tall, spruce pole on the lawn, and every night at sundown he and I man the halyards and lower it. All day every pleasant day it floats when I am at home, and is visible for twenty miles up and down the valley.' "

Colonel Judson suffered acutely and almost constantly from his many wounds, yet with characteristic spirit he would not ask or receive a pension. His iron constitution gradually gave way under the physical strain endured through long years, and his visits to New York City became less and less frequent. He was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and finally a serious affection of the heart came on, which baffled the skill of his physicians. With unabated zeal and spartan resolution he still plied his pen, though suffering untold agony, which he strove to

hide lest it should add to the grief of his wife and child.

While in this condition "Ned Buntline" prepared several thrilling bits of fiction, notably a serial entitled "Incognita," written for the *New York Waverly*. At his request an easy reclining easy chair was sent him, for greater convenience in writing, and in acknowledging receipt of this he wrote his publishers as follows, under date of June 18, 1886: "The chair arrived last night, and I write my first letter in it this morning. It is a great relief to me, and I will soon get used to working in it. 'Incognita' will grow very fast now. It will be a grand story, full of mystery, and the best I have ever written. It may be my last serial, and I want the *Waverly* to have my last letter, which this may be Thanking you sincerely in taking so much care in selecting the chair, I will well repay you in good work on 'Incognita.' "

Ned Buntline's last contribution to the sporting journals was a brief sketch written April 30, 1886, and published in the *Turf, Field and Farm* as follows:

Propped up in my invalid chair by the window of my sick-chamber, where I have battled for life for ten long weary weeks, I look out on opening leaves, bright apple blossoms, and the flashing waters of my private trout brook, while for the first time at this date for years I see no sign of snow on hillside or mountain. To-morrow a hundred rods will bend over bright waters within a radius of four or five miles of me, yet I must look sadly on my pet "Orvis" in the corner, and let the split bamboo rest.

It is hard when sympathizing visitors, and they are many, tell me the streams never before gave better promise of sport in this section.

Stocked liberally by John N. Bennett and John Griffin, aided by myself, the west branch of the Delaware and the many brooks near by are literally alive with speckled beauty. The two first-named gentlemen have died within a year, and here am I, on my "beams' ends," looking sadly, yet not hopelessly, on dark waters ahead.

Strange, is it not? We, who have done so much to fill the waters, past the reward of labor and expenditure! *Telle est vie.*

I don't like to tell tales out of school, but some of the boys hunting leeks for use in school have *seen* "millions of trout," as they wandered along the brooksides. And I am afraid—encouraged by my physician—they may have brought in *one* or *two* for me to *look* at. Just to cheer me up, you know!

I can write no more. Hopeless of bending a rod this season, if, indeed, I ever do again, I am faithfully yours,

NED BUNTLINE.

A subsequent letter to his friend Capt. L. A. Beardslee ("Piseco"), written in the same vein, gives evidence of the fraternal spirit of genuine sportsmanship. The letter bears date of June 19:

DEAR OLD PISECO: Your flattering comparison of the hulk propped up on shores to do this writing, and the gal-lant, yet at last used-up Pawhatan, was received and read with a soul full of appreciation. The seamanship which brought her safely through her last terrible battle with the ocean's might and the tempest's will, can only be appreciated by a sailor. If I live I will try to work it up. I am now helpless—so weak I can hardly keep up to write a few lines, yet my brain, thank heaven, seems clear. If I were only able to make a visit from you a pleasure, how glad I would

be to see you here. My horses stand idle in their stalls, my wife is by my bedside night and day, and I could do nothing to give you joy but to put rod and flies in your hand and tell you where to go.

Mrs. Judson's tender care and constant solicitude for the sufferer soothed many of his hours of pain. To a friend he wrote: "My wife attends me like an angel of mercy. But for her gentle care and solicitude I should have yielded to the grim messenger ere this time." One weary, sleepless night he penned the following lines, full of tender pathos:

Counting pulse-beats, faint and slow,
Counting seconds as they go—
Oh! how weary and how dreary!
Throbbing heart—full of pain—
Eyesight dim and aching brain—
Thus passes time to me.

Drifting on the ebbing tide,
Slow but sure, I onward glide—
Dim the vista seen before,
Useless now to look behind—
Drifting on before the wind,
Toward the unknown shore.

Counting time by ticking clock,
Waiting for the final shock—
Waiting for the dark forever—
Oh, how slow the moments go,
None but I, me seems, can know
How close the tideless river.

His death occurred on Friday afternoon, July 16, 1886. He was conscious to the last, and his last

words breathed a loving farewell to wife and child. The funeral was held the following Sunday, in conformity with his request, and was attended by a concourse of friends gathered from far and near. "The remains were escorted from his late residence, called by him 'Eagle's Nest,' by delegations of Posts of Hobart, Delhi, Oneonta, Jefferson, Grand Gorge, Rondout, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa., under command of Captain Clark. The old flag he loved so well floated at half-mast in the clear atmosphere of the day on the lawn fronting the residence, and the spirited steed he had so often bestrode walked riderless after the hearse. A large number of citizens also followed the mourners in procession, and the funeral is said to have been the largest ever seen in that neighborhood. The body was taken into the Methodist Church where brief ceremonies were held by Rev. L. E. Richards, Presbyterian pastor. Not half those in attendance could gain admittance. The procession then reformed and proceeded to the cemetery, where the remains of the gallant hero were fittingly consigned to their last resting-place, consistent with the ceremonies incident to the burial of a soldier and patriot, the sincere mourning of sorrowing relatives and friends."

The sentiment of regret over the death of the gallant scout, sailor, sportsman and novelist, was sincere and widespread. His many noble and daring deeds were called to mind, and few sacreligious hands were found to emblazon before the public the

wayward deeds which, in his career, were the outcome of passionate impulse, not of premeditation. The *Turf, Field and Farm* paid the following judicious tribute to his memory:

Peacefully at his home, appropriately christened "Eagle's Nest," among the mountains which overlook the historic Hudson, this lion-hearted, generous and remarkable man bowed his head and gave up the struggle for life. The brief message which came to us over the wires from Stamford, last Friday, announcing the death of Edward Z. C. Judson, pained us deeply, though we had been prepared for his demise by the closing sentence in his last communication to us. It is now over two years since the rugged old sportsman ascended the stairs to our office, where he was always a welcome visitor. That was his last visit, we believe, to the metropolis. History will speak of "Ned Buntline" as a dashing middy, a brave scout on the frontier, and as a fertile writer of fiction. It was as a sportsman and a brilliant contributor to sporting literature that we knew him and admired him most. The volumes of the *Turf, Field and Farm* contain many graphic descriptions of the chase and sparkling tales of the delights of angling, from his pen, and it was to this journal that he sent his last greeting to fellow-sportsmen. It appeared in our issue of May 7 of this year, and it seems fitting that we should publish it again at this time. Between the lines we read of the pain and disease which was slowly but surely breaking the spirit and sapping the strong life. The closing paragraph was sadly prophetic.

* * * *

Mr. Judson was born in Philadelphia about 1819, his father being a practicing attorney in that city. Ned had no taste for the dry tomes of Blackstone and Kent, and commenced an adventurous career by shipping as a cabin boy on a merchantman bound for the Pacific; thence to a man-of-

war, where by bravery he earned a midshipman's commission from the hand of President Van Buren. His service in the Navy was brief but brilliant, and upon leaving the employ of Uncle Sam, he dashed into sensational fiction, and with his ready pen coined the dollars which his generous hand was always ready to bestow upon the needy. One weekly paper in this city was elevated to prosperity by publication in its columns of "Ned Buntline's" serials, for which the proprietors paid him enormous sums. The now famous "Buffalo Bill" was brought before the public gaze through "Ned Buntline's" stories of life on the plains, investing the daring frontiersman with an air of romance which still clings to him. A conspicuous figure, broad of shoulder and strong of muscle, his countenance spoke of indomitable will and his keen eyes flashed with the fire of genius. Of late years he mingled but little with his fellow-men, but that the bonds of friendship were not loosened by this was evinced upon his funeral, when over eight hundred mourners followed the remains to "Ned Buntline's" last resting-place. He was buried at Stamford on Monday last with the honors of the Grand Army of the Republic, many prominent members of that order being present.

Dr. Alban S. Payne ("Nicholas Spicer"), the popular sporting writer, a devoted and almost lifelong friend of "Ned Buntline," gave a spontaneous, heart-felt tribute to his worth in the journal above mentioned. His words echo the sentiments of numerous friends of the deceased sportsman:

Your last issue contains sad news to me. I find my dear old friend, Col. E. Z. C. Judson, is no more. He was a generous, brave, noble man—a remarkable man. Our acquaintance commenced in the office of the old *Spirit of the Times*, and antedates forty years. In all that time our friendship never paled. "Nick Spicer" always felt and be-

lieved that at least two noble hearts loved him, one was our departed friend, Col. E. Z. C. Judson, the other the late James Oakes, of Boston. At any rate Spicer knows that he greatly admired them, for their ripe intellects and their true manhood, yes, something more than that—he loved them dearly, deeply, tenderly. To the bereaved home folks the homage of his sympathy goes out in such strength of feeling that he cannot find words adequate for its expression. To the dear Old Guard whom he loved so well, Col. Judson's loss will be irreparable, for the noblest old Roman of them all has fought his last battle, quietly folded his tent and gone to rest. I send you the last letter that I ever received from our dear old friend. I prize it highly:

Eagle's Nest,

Stamford, Delaware Co., N. Y.

DEAR DOCTOR: You had best read the *Turf, Field and Farm* more carefully. I have little hope of ever using a rod again. I have been eleven weeks in bed or in my invalid chair, with a combination of heart disease, valvular obstruction, etc., etc. . . . I have been sick all winter, not out of my chamber or able to walk even with crutches for eleven weeks. My case is a bad one, and my physician with counsel finds it hard to baffle. I can write but little, but try my best to keep up. God bless you and yours. My dear wife nurses me like an angel and is my best hope.

Ever yours,

JUDSON.

It is in answer to a letter of congratulation of mine to him on the strange supposition that his health had improved so much that he was "hoping to bend a rod." I should have read it "hopeless of bending a rod," as it really occurs in the *Turf, Field and Farm* of the 7th of May. But the mistake was natural, the wish was father to the thought. In conclusion, I can say no man ever visited Virginia who made more or truer friends than Col. Judson. Many a

manly eye will moisten when they learn of the death of their generous, noble old friend, but none—*no, not one*—can feel a deeper or a more sincere grief for the death of their friend, or whose heart pulsates in a stronger rhythm of sympathy for his bereaved family than does the heart of his and your old friend.

NICHOLAS SPICER.

In the patriotic order, Sons of America, no member was more widely known or more highly appreciated than Colonel Judson. He had been one of the founders of the order, and at different times filled the position of National Vice-President and National Master of Forms and Ceremonies. It is natural, therefore, that his death should be deeply deplored by the comrades of that organization, and that a feeling eulogy should be given at the hands of Mr. H. J. Stager, editor of the *Camp News*, the official organ of the order, from which we quote:

We are deeply grieved to make this sad announcement to our brethren. Since February last Brother Judson has been troubled with heart disease for which no relief could be obtained. He was aware that he might pass off of the active stage of life at any moment and himself arranged many of the details and gave directions as to what should follow his decease. He felt a willingness to be freed from the afflictions of this life, his only solicitude being the parting that must follow with his dear wife and son upon whom the fondest affections of a warm true heart were freely lavished. He was conscious to the last and excepting a token of the warmest love to the dear companion of his best years, who was ever near and with him to minister to his every want, he repeated the words so close to his heart and in full con-

sistency with the object of his whole life, that "Americans must rule America."

His end was as peaceful and gradual as the sleep of an infant; and his spirit was wafted to the side of the great patriots of our land who have gone before and whose deeds and works while in the flesh will be remembered in the brightest pages of our national history. For many years he had resided at Stamford, surrounded by all the comforts that man can enjoy, and ever ready to do his utmost to advance the interests of society, and to do his part to benefit mankind. His whole life was devoted to the service of his country, and its flag, and honor his deepest solicitude and study, and on many occasions his life was offered as a sacrifice in his devotion to these principles, and his miraculous escapes wonderful almost beyond belief. He excelled as an author in fiction whose stories have amused millions of readers, and "Ned Buntline" is known all over the world.

He took a highly active part in our Order, was present on several occasions as a delegate in the State Camp of Pennsylvania. He held membership in Camp 7, Pa., Philadelphia, since 1868, being proposed therein by the writer; Philadelphia Commandery No. 4, and also belonged to the Sons of America Post No. 77, Grand Army of the Republic, in Philadelphia. He organized the Order in the States of Maine, New Jersey, and Illinois, while traveling with his "Scouts of the Plains" combination. He helped to organize the National Camp in 1872; was first National Vice-President and then elected as National Master of Forms and Ceremonies in 1872-'73. He was ever earnest and practical and never lost interest in the cause. The present Red Degree ritual of our Order is the work of his pen and will stand as an everlasting monument reflecting his fidelity to our cause and devotion to true American principles. He was liberal with his means and made many presentations to struggling Camps and members. In his decease we lose one of our ablest and best

standard bearers, whose loss it will be impossible to fully replace.

In 1871, he was married to Miss Anna Fuller, an American lady of his native town, to whom he was most earnestly devoted, and in the happy union of these years a daughter and son were added to the family. The daughter died in 1881, and his grief in this loss was excessive. He now sleeps by her side where he had erected an almost perfect image of his lost child, in Italian marble, to mark the spot of her burial. His son is a bright promising youth of five years who will not forget the patriotic teaching of the father who began thus early to instruct him.

Mr. Charles J. Beattie, a prominent member of the Sons of America, said in presenting appropriate resolutions of regret and condolence:

Brother President, our brethren have deputed to me the melancholy duty of preparing and presenting to this Camp resolutions of regret at the death of our honored comrade and brother, Colonel Edward Z. C. Judson, of Camp 7, Pa.; it is a duty always sad and mournful, seldom pleasant and never delightful to write an epitaph or pen an obituary resolution, and in this case the notice of the hero's death brings with it not alone the sorrow but the sigh and the tear, and visits every heart with the pangs of grief, every bosom with agonized feelings of loss and loneliness, and every mind with recollections of his words and works now ceased forever. The fearless heart of the sterling patriot is now still in death, it throbs no more with the holy emotions that heretofore thrilled it for home and country, his immortal pen that aroused sentiments of patriotism in every land is laid aside forever: his eloquent tongue which always uttered words of cheer for friend and brother, for flag and fatherland, and thundered denunciations against our country's foes, is now quieted in deathly silence; his sword that flashed brightly in the line of battle against sedition and anarchy for

a united nation and a free constitution, is now forever sheathed; no more shall he visit our Camps, below his earthly career is closed, his mission of usefulness here is ended and he has gone to join the brilliant throng of patriots, soldiers and statesmen on the deathless side of time's swift flowing river, and to-day he is an initiate in the Camp of the Supreme President of the universe. . . . While all that is mortal of our brother rests in the quiet grave at Stamford his immortality has now begun; over him death had no conquest, the grave no triumph. Brethren, let us imitate his example, and follow in his footsteps; let us devote our lives to our country and like him be ever faithful through life and unto death; revere his memory, remember his counsels, and never forget his last words solemnly uttered on the bed of death, "Americans must rule America." I request, Brother President, that all arise and adopt these resolutions in silence by a standing vote.

In preparing the present series of fragmentary memoirs, necessarily very imperfect and incomplete, the writer has attempted merely to convey a passing glimpse, a few random records, illustrating, yet by no means giving a comprehensive view of the remarkable career of "Ned Buntline," as a sailor, a soldier, a frontiersman, a sensational novelist, and, above all, a devoted lover of out-door sports. A careful critical resume of his life and writings would require volumes in place of a few brief chapters.

When a complete biography shall be written, if ever, by any author competent to do justice to the work, it will be found that the volume here presented, far from exaggerating the personal courage and daring, the heroic deeds and wild adventures of this modern knight errant, one tithe has scarcely been told. A detailed biography would resemble, in thrilling interest, the adventures of the Arabian Nights. His meteor-like career, however, closed as calmly as the summer eve that lulled him to a final rest.

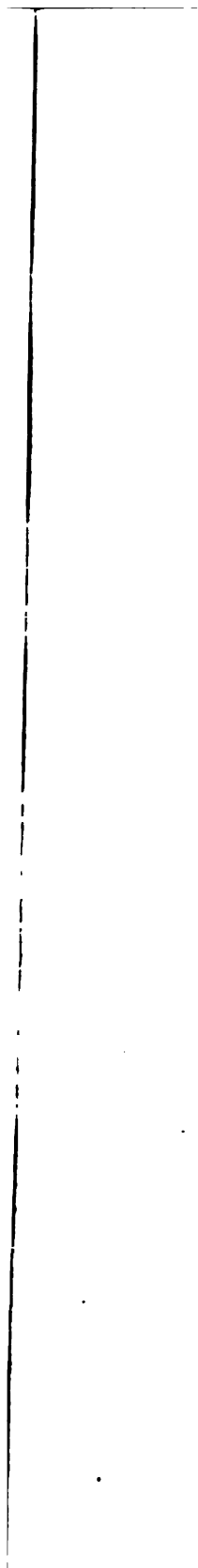
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

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It has been estimated that the literary work of Ned Buntline—his serial stories and miscellaneous writings—if collected in book form would fill no less than two hundred volumes of good size. The following is a partial list of his published books as recorded by bibliographers:

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2. Ella Adams; or, The Demon of Fire. 1863.
3. The Rattlesnake; or, The Rebel Privateer. 1863.
4. The Grosbeak Mansion; a Mystery of New York. 1864.
5. Sadia, a Heroine of the Rebellion. 1864.
6. Life in the Saddle; or, The Cavalry Scout. 1865.
7. The Parricides; or, The Doom of the Assassin. 1865.
8. The Volunteer; or, The Maid of Monterey. 1865.
9. The Beautiful Nun. 1866.
10. Magdalena, the Outcast. 1866.
11. Clarence Rhett. 1866.
12. The Battle of Hate; or, Hearts Are Trumps. 1867.
13. Quaker Saul, the Idiot Spy. 1869.
14. Red Warrior. 1869.
15. Thanendenaga, the Scourge. 1869.
16. Red Ralph, the Ranger. 1870.
17. The Sea Bandit. 1870.
18. The Wronged Daughter. 1870.
19. Morgan; or, the Knight of the Black Flag.
20. Buffalo Bill. 1881.
21. Wrestling Joe. 1881.

22. The B'Hoys of New York.
23. The Buccaneer's Daughter.
24. The Conspirator's Victim.
25. The G'Hals of New York.
26. The Jew's Daughter.
27. Mysteries and Miseries of New York.
28. Three Years After.
29. The White Cruiser.
30. The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main.
31. The Red Right Hand, a Tale of Indian Warfare.
32. Hilliare Henderson; or, The Secret Revealed.
33. The Convict; or, The Conspirator's Victim.
34. Mermet Ben; or, The Astrologer King.
35. The Queen of the Sea; or, Our Lady of the Ocean.
36. The King of the Sea; a Tale of the Fearless Free.
37. Luona Prescott; or, The Curse Fulfilled.
38. The Man o' War Man's Grudge; A Romance of the Revolution.
39. English Tom; or, The Smuggler's Secret.
40. Saul Sabberday; or, The Idiot Spy.
41. The Wheel of Misfortune; or, The Victims of Lottery and Policy Dealers.
42. Miriam; or, The Jew's Daughter.
43. The White Wizard; or, The Great Prophet of the Seminoles.
44. Stella Delorme; or, The Comanche's Dream.
45. Norwood; or, Life on the Prairie.
46. Cruisings Afloat and Ashore; from the Private Log of Ned Buntline.
47. Ned Buntline's Life Yarn.
48. The Last of the Buccaneers; a Yarn of the Eighteenth Century.
49. Elfrida, The Red Rover's Daughter.
50. Sea Waif; or, The Terror of the Coast.
51. The Shell Hunter; or, An Ocean Love Chase.
52. Bill Tredegar; A Tale of the Monongahela.
53. The Miner Detective.
54. Darrow, the Floating Detective.
55. Shadowed and Trapped.
56. Barnacle Backstay.
57. Mountain Tom.
58. Orthodox Jeema.
59. Hazel Eye.
60. Rover Wild.
61. Sensation Sate.
62. Rattlesnake Ned.
63. Gullette, the Waif.
64. Big Foot Wallace.
65. Harry Bluff, the Reefer.
66. Navigator Ned.
67. Wild Bill's Last Trail.





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